

SPARE PARTS

By Marc Platt

A Cyberman story was probably the last thing I expected, or even wanted, to write. As far as I know, the nearest I've got to real spare parts was my dad's hearing aid, which hung in a pouch round his neck and started to whistle if he fiddled with it, usually in embarrassing places like the cinema or theatre.

Back in the Sixties, *Doctor Who* was beyond criticism for me, obsession is probably putting it mildly. All stories were great because the series was great. Everything else in the world went into eclipse. My friends and parents seem to have suffered with astonishing good grace (well, most of the time). Anyway, there wasn't a lot else to compare it to apart from *Thunderbirds* or *Lost In Space* - or was I just too infatuated to look elsewhere? That doesn't mean I wasn't aware of the shortcomings of some stories or special effects or acting, or even scripting. There have always been martyrs to the BBC budget, but the inventiveness and enthusiasm

Doctor Who A brand-new audio adventure in space and time. Starring Peter Davison as the Doctor and Sarah Sutton as Nyssa <i>Spare Parts</i> Part One of a four-part adventure by Marc Platt No tea for Sisterman Constant. No peace for the dead. Yvonne Hartley..... KATHRYN GUICK Dad PAUL COPLEY Thomas DoddDERREN NESBITT Sisterman Constant..... PAMELA BINNS Frank Hartley..... JIM HARTLEY Mrs Ginsberg.....ANN JENKINS Written by Marc Platt; Producers Gary Russell, Jason Haigh-Ellery; Executive Producer Jacqueline Rayner; Director Gary Russell <i>Stereo</i>
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of the production still carried it through, and woe betide anyone who said a word against it.

Since then, of course, we've all got a lot wiser, haven't we? Or do I mean more cynical? As far as I was concerned, the Cybermen had just lost it over the years. *The Tenth Planet* and *The Tomb of the Cybermen* were the two great stories. The first story had that frisson of the best science fiction: one day this could be you. The first Cybermen, although they're held together by sellotape, are convincingly half human, half machine. At the age of 13, I found this really chilling. And even today, their first appearance and sound is genuinely weird and frightening.

After which came *The Moonbase*, which,

at the time, was exciting and menacing. The Cybermen were big and frightening and marched about a lot. It's still a good story, even if it is a re-run of the aliens attack human base formula of *The Tenth Planet*, but the Cybermen now had metal faces. This was the Sixties, when it was fab to be futuristic and everything new round the house was all chrome and plastic. And the Cybermen went the same way - all shiny and new and easy for Mum to wipe clean - and not quite as half human as they used to be.

Tomb does one of the things that *Doctor Who* always does best: take a familiar genre, in this case *The Mummy's Tomb* movie, twist it round and give it a silver sprayed finish. *Tomb* is quite filmic - it has a start of season budget. But even here, although the Cybermen are droning on about converting everyone, and give poor old Toberman a new arm, we are losing sight of the original moral argument.

And after that, despite a little renaissance thanks to the perspex chin-pieces in *Earthshock*, and they soon got the silver spray treatment, there was a sad decline in the lost humanity stakes. The Cybermen became easier and easier to defeat and even displayed worrying traits of emotional behaviour.

So I'd rather given up on them. Of course when Gary Russell asked, 'How do you feel about doing an "origin of the Cybermen" story?', I lied horribly and said, 'Yes, please.'

In fact, Gary handed me this story on a plate. All the ground work had been done for me, I just had to sort out which bits I wanted and find the right world to set them in. The inescapably doom-laden future was already in place. I just had to unearth the past. It's not unlike *The Fires of Vulcan* in that respect. We've got the ever-present menace of the volcano, it's just that we don't know when it will erupt or who's going to get hurt.

So I went back and looked at *The Tenth Planet*, and it was immediately obvious how much of the original concept had been lost. Even in their first appearance, the Cybermen only talk about the fate of their human ancestors. They don't actually get round to converting anyone until they have a go at Toberman two stories later.

Gary and I were very much in agreement that this story should be a tragedy. The

Daleks have always been driven by power and a Nazi-style belief that they are the superior Cyber-race. The Cybermen, however, always seem to be on their uppers. Despite their apparent status as a Great Space Power, they usually seem to be staring extinction in the face. 'We will survive' has always been their *raison d'etre*. And 'You will be like us' is the key to the whole concept. But for it to be a tragedy, they must have got into this mess through a mix of accident and the best of all possible intentions. I really wanted to get back to Gerry Davis and Kit Pedler's original concept. Mondas is Earth's twin. The Cybermen were once human. But what in Heaven drove them to such a terrible solution?

Davis and Pedler's celebrated Seventies TV series *Doomwatch* about an environmental

watchdog was gritty, genuinely frightening and groundbreaking. Gerry Davis's proposed Cybergenesis story is bright and colourful, peopled by Kings and Queens and chock-full of palace politics. It's more like *Flash Gordon* than *Doctor Who*. The story describes Mondas as 'orbiting further away from the sun than Earth', which doesn't exactly make it Earth's twin. Surely an identical orbit is fundamental or evolution will be different? The upside-down BBC globe that appears in *The Tenth Planet* implies that Mondas and Earth are identical twins - in an inverse sort of way. And the main point of the Cybermen is that they relate to humans. (Let's not even think about whatever happened to Mondas's equivalent race of Silurians.) The closer the Cybermen's world is to ours, the more horrific their genesis would be.

Doctor Who

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Starring **Peter Davison** as the Doctor and **Sarah Sutton** as Nyssa
Spare Parts
Part Two of a four-part adventure by Marc Platt.
No business for Thomas Dodd.
No hay for the Cyberhorses.
Sisterman Constant PAMELA BINNS
Doctorman Allan..... SALLY KNYVETTE
Frank Hartley..... JIM HARTLEY
Yvonne Hartley..... KATHRYN GUCK
Zheng..... NICHOLAS BRIGGS
Thomas Dodd..... DERREN NESBITT
Dad..... PAUL COPLEY
Written by Marc Platt; Producers Gary Russell, Jason Haigh-Ellery; Executive Producer Jacqueline Rayner;
Director Gary Russell Stereo

So Mondas went out of orbit. Its atmosphere froze over and its remaining population withdrew underground. The reason why its sealed city looks and sounds like post-war England in the Fifties is because that's where I was born. Wimbledon wasn't quite so grim and rationing was over, but there was still a sort of dowdy hangover from the War that only really lifted once we got well into the Sixties. So home and family are the starting point.

On TV, the Cybermen might be trying to invade Earth. But an Antarctic base is a world away from a Cyberman coming through the real front door and invading your home. That's when it gets really frightening. You can't even hide behind the sofa

<p>Doctor Who A brand-new audio adventure in space and time. Starring Peter Davison as the Doctor and Sarah Sutton as Nyssa <i>Spare Parts</i> Part Three of a four-part adventure by Marc Platt No tears for Vonnie. No power for the Committee. Thomas Dodd.....DERREN NESBITT Sisterman Constant.....PAMELA BINNS Doctorman Allan.....SALLY KNYVETTE DadPAUL COPLEY Frank Hartley.....JIM HARTLEY Zheng.....NICHOLAS BRIGGS Written by Marc Platt; Producers Gary Russell, Jason Haigh-Ellery; Executive Producer Jacqueline Rayner; Director Gary Russell Stereo</p>	<p>anymore. Isn't that the sort of thing <i>Doctor Who</i> fans dream about? There's a lot of everyday home detail in the Hartley household - particularly the Christmas stuff, I suppose. But we didn't really get visits from the district nurse or the Cyberpolice. I swear I can remember trams, but it turns out they were decommissioned before I was born. The Hartley family are very much out of Bill Naughton's northern plays. Thomas Dodd is a latter-day Sweeney Todd with echoes of the backstreet abortionist in Naughton's <i>Alfie</i>. And the clunky technology of Doctorman Allan and her crew is very <i>Quatermass</i>. Because Gary wanted a Fifth Doctor and Nyssa story, I was handed the added bonus of all the unfinished business over Adric. At</p>
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last a chance for long-suffering Nyssa to really lay into the Doctor - with the utmost Trakenite decorum, of course. And after that verbal bloodbath, I thought she should throw a complete wobbly and go off on a vendetta after the Master. No such luck. In fact, Gary made me tone down her tirade about Adric too, since it had been covered in earlier stories. Probably sensible. I didn't want to eclipse the Doctor. The story and script had been going well, until I realised that by the end of the third episode, I'd said it all. The events for the finale were all in place, but the Doctor needed extra motivation, otherwise his final showdown with the Cyberplanner was just going to be a standard run of the mill ending. It was time for the Cybermen to get personal, so I decided to really turn the knife. If the Doctor was here at this crucial moment in the Cybermen's evolution, he had to have played a vital part in their birth. So I let him inadvertently provide a final solution to the tissue rejection problem that has always defeated Doctorman Allan. From the beginning, every Cyberman that the Doctor has ever met or fought, has had a section of the Doctor's own brain structure copied into its design. So who did kill Adric? No wonder Peter Davison's performance sounds so spectacularly angry.

Another potential pitfall was the Cyber dialogue. Gary and I both knew we should go back to the original voices and, with Nick Briggs providing them, I knew I was in very safe hands. But I had doubts about any extended scenes with no humans present. Daleks usually shout the plot at each other. Cybermen just give orders, but

Because Gary wanted a Fifth Doctor and Nyssa story, I was handed the added bonus of all the unfinished business over Adric. At last a chance for long-suffering Nyssa to really lay into the Doctor - with the utmost Trakenite decorum, of course. And after that verbal bloodbath, I thought she should throw a complete wobbly and go off on a vendetta after the Master. No such luck. In fact, Gary made me tone down her tirade about Adric too, since it had been covered in earlier stories. Probably sensible. I didn't want to eclipse the Doctor. The story and script had been going well, until I realised that by the end of the third episode, I'd said it all. The events for the finale were all in place, but the Doctor needed extra motivation, otherwise his final showdown with the Cyberplanner was just going to be a standard run of the mill ending. It was time for the Cybermen to get personal, so I decided to really turn the knife. If the Doctor was here at this crucial moment in the Cybermen's evolution, he had to have played a vital part in their birth. So I let him inadvertently provide a final solution to the tissue rejection problem that has always defeated Doctorman Allan. From the beginning, every Cyberman that the Doctor has ever met or fought, has had a section of the Doctor's own brain structure copied into its design. So who did kill Adric? No wonder Peter Davison's performance sounds so spectacularly angry.

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for the Committee scenes I really wanted full-scale debates with several voices, sometimes speaking separately and sometimes coming together in unison like a Cyber Greek Chorus. A bit too ambitious and I don't think we really got it right. Fortunately we were using several different style voices, including the Committee's final evolved form as the Cyberplanner with the voice from *The Wheel in Space*, so that did add variety to the purely Cyber scenes.

What really works best is the dialogue between emotive humans and clinically cold Cybermen. I love the entirely logical reasoning with which Commander Zheng sends the injured Sisterman Constant off for Cyberprocessing. And poor CyberYvonne's little reaction to the disgusted Thomas Dodd's assertion that she is horrible. Both are occasions when I didn't write anything; the characters wrote themselves. Nick played all the Cybervoices in the play. How he differentiated between them all is a wonder and his performance as CyberYvonne is nothing short of marvellous.

I thought of *Spare Parts* as an historical story and I wanted it to be quite filmic too. There was originally an elaborate sequence in Part Four, where the crowd, led by Dad Hartley, storm the palace using a hijacked tram with the Christmas tree tied to the side as a battering ram. It was Russian Revolution sort of stuff, but we had to lose it for time constraints. We also lost another sequence earlier in the same episode, where Dad invites everyone into his house to pay their respects to CyberYvonne, who is laid out in the parlour. It was right for Dad's character: very sad and correct, but also calculated to incite the crowd to rebellion.

Despite all the deliberately epic-style scenes, *Spare Parts* is really about the little man in the Mondas street helplessly caught up in big events. Paul Copley, a seasoned radio and TV actor, had been in my head as the voice of Dad as soon as I started writing. The night before the recording, he was on TV in *Hornblower*. It's a mystery why he's never done *Doctor Who* before. I'd worried in case I'd overdone the Yorkshire stuff in the dialogue, but Paul was actually asking if he could add extra local dialectal details.

I don't know if *Spare Parts* would ever have been produced as a TV story. Parts of it are very grim indeed, and quite rightly so if we're taking the implications of the Cybermen seriously. Something tells me that it would almost be more likely to have appeared in the early series, maybe as a William Hartnell or a Patrick Troughton story. In the later years, I'm sure that the scene where Yvonne comes home would have been toned down considerably or removed completely. It is deliberately distressing. It's a credit to Gary and the cast for having faith in the idea and playing it with such whole-hearted conviction.

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I ♥ SPARE PARTS

By Gary Russell

Having decided, in my role as Producer (notice the capital P; it makes me feel grander than writers or directors. Except when I'm a Director with a capital D), that we needed a sort of origin story for the Cybermen, Marc Piatt was the first person I asked. I said I didn't want a 'Genesis of the Cybermen' story exactly, rather something that veered more towards the human tragedy than a species tragedy. And by default, it had to be *Tenth Planet*-style Cybermen. None of your flashy Eighties nonsense, oh no. I did, of course, check with fount of audio knowledge Nicholas Hriggs that we could recreate the *Tenth Planet* Cybervoices. I also said to Marc that there were to be no CyberGuns, CyberBombs or CyberWeaponsofmasdestruction. He gave me CyberHorses, CyberMats and CyberVonnie instead. Bless 'im.

I knew the moment the first draft of the script arrived that I wanted to direct this one. Why? The Hartleys. And Thomas Dodd. He wasn't called Thomas Dodd then, he was the Grinderman. He had a few other names before we settled on Thomas Dodd, but I loved the character. And Sisterman Constant was the creepiest character we'd had yet. I often sign off emails to the Big Finish team, 'Heaven bless you all'. I don't think they get the reference, and just think I've gone evangelical. Or insane.

Casting was quite troublesome. Marc had suggested Paul Copley for Dad. I wanted Roger Lloyd-Pack but although he liked the script a lot, we couldn't fit it around his schedule. Then, by chance that morning, a CD arrived in the post from the agency which represented Paul Copley. It was a sign, I thought (probably from Sisterman Constant). I phoned them, Paul was agreeable and they asked if there was anyone else they could offer for other parts. I looked through their list - there was Derren Nesbitt. Tomas Dodd, without a doubt. Sorted.

I knew Briggsie was going to do the Cybervoices. Never in doubt. The other Hartleys? Jim Hartley had auditioned for us a while back. I listened to the recording we made: a whiny Yorkshireman. And he had the same surname, another sign from the good Sisterman. He is a top guy, and oozed the right amount of teenaged angst the part needed. But what of Vonnie? I asked Big Finish regular (and big butch Yorkshireman himself) Bob Curbishley if he knew any Yorkshiregirlies. He gave me a couple of names - one of which was that of Kathryn Guck. I knew her from a commercial on TV where she and a complete stranger order the same junk food. Spoke to her - wasn't sure she quite knew what *Doctor Who* was, but she sounded game. On the day in studio... blimey, I wanted to write a whole series about the Hartley family. The three actors clicked, laughed, joked and acted just like real people. And in a *Doctor Who* environment, that's not always easy.

For Sisterman Constant, I knew I needed age and authority, plus a dollop of Wicked Witch of the West scariness. Ages back, I'd had a voice tape sent to me by the lovely Pam Binns. She was Janet Dale in *Mrs Dale's Diary*, you know - a reference that'll mean nothing to anyone under forty. But I was impressed. She said later she didn't get villain roles very often - she was a sweetheart and you could see why. She didn't have a bad bone in her body. But as Sisterman Constant, she rocked!

Finally there was Doctorman Allen. I asked former *Doctor Who* companion

Deborah Watling, but she was working elsewhere and couldn't do it. Then I remembered that I'd met *Blake's 7* blonde bombshell Sally Knyvette a few years back and had got on rather well with her at a convention in Stoke. One of the other stars of that series had been bloody rude to Big Finish's John Ainsworth, so he, Sally, the adorable Jacqueline Pearce and I had sat down afterwards for a drink. I asked Sally if one day she'd do a *Who* and she said yes. I had asked her to do an earlier audio. *Primeval*, but she'd been off to Switzerland or somewhere similarly exotic and said no, but to keep her in mind. When I asked her if she was interested in playing the creator of the Cybermen, she said yes, especially if she could bring her dog to the studio. I couldn't see a problem - we'd had babies and a sick budgie once, so a dog seemed no problem.

When Sally arrived in the studio, she recognised Peter Davison. 'What are you doing here?' she asked.

'He plays the Doctor,' I pointed out rather helpfully. Sally only worked with Peter Davison, Sarah Sutton and Briggsie in this story - Pamela Binns and Derren Nesbitt having recorded all their bits the day before. She and Briggsie got very saucy and found a lot of *double entendres* where Marc Piatt and I were convinced there weren't any. She, and her dog, sat in the studio cubicle rather than the actors' green room when not working - she was fascinated to see how it all worked. Either that or she thought the dog would eat all the bars of chocolate in the green room if it went in there.

I love *Spare Parts*. I love it as a Producer at Big Finish, because it excels at everything we strive to do as an audio production company. I love *Spare Parts* as a director because working alongside Marc Piatt is fun, we had brilliant, witty and generous actors and soundmeister Gareth Jenkins worked his hide off to get it to be brilliant. And I love *Spare Parts* as a *Doctor Who* fan, because it's exactly the story I'd want to hear as an origin for the Cybermen. When I see (or hear) some of the audio plays that win awards every year, it annoys, and indeed makes me despair that, as a small company, we're not eligible to even get nominated. I honestly believe *Spare Parts* would wipe the floor with anything else in this medium over the last few years.

SPARE PARTS

CAST

THE DOCTOR	Peter Davison
NYSSA	Sarah Sutton
YVONNE HARTLEY	Kathryn Guck
DAD	Paul Copley
THOMAS DODD	Derren Nesbitt
SISTERMAN CONSTANT	Pamela Binns
FRANK HARTLEY	Jim Hartley
MRS GINSBERG	Ann Jenkins
DOCTORMAN ALLAN	Sally Knyvette
ZHENG	Nicholas Briggs

PART ONE

1. NEWSREEL.

In a pastiche of those Pa the news bulletins, heroic, gung-ho and thoroughly Fifties music starts to play as a background. The commentator is a bit Bob Danvers-Walker... Hurrah!

COMMENTATOR It's taken six years training, but the sky's the limit today as mankind sets out on its mission to see the stars. Crewman Donald Philpott, seen here waving to well-wishers, was chosen from over thirty recruits for the honour of being the first man to set foot on the Surface. At a special reception, Crewman Philpott was presented to dignitaries from the Central Advisory Committee and got an extra special farewell from Ruby Craddock, this year's Miss Beetroot Factory. Whoops, steady on, Crewman. Better wipe that lipstick off your visor before the Missus sees. (*Music swells'*) And now we say God speed to you as you set off on Man's greatest endeavour...
Fade as the music climaxes...

2. INSIDE CREWMAN PHILPOTT'S HELMET.

We can hear the crewman's steady breathing as the MINISTER speaks to him from the other end of the phone line.

MINISTER Good evening, Mr Crewman. I'm speaking to you, on behalf of the Central Committee, in what must be the strangest telephone call ever*. In moments you will step out of your capsule, the first man to set foot on the Surface since our tiny world began. Strengthened by the finest technology the science factories can muster, you carry our future in your hands - our light into the endless dark¹ Good luck, Crewman. We are praying for you.

Clunk of a phone being put down, followed by the dialling tone which fades. Philpott takes a deep breath. The buzz of a door opening. The enclosed sound vista opens out onto the wide, frozen surface of Mondas. A gentle moaning wind. Somehow we need to convey the absolute vastness of space around and above him. Philpott's breathing quickens as he tries to take it in. He gives a single wailing scream and the perspective pulls back as it echoes across the landscape.

**Direct quote from Nixon's message to Apollo 11.*

3. THE CITY - OUTSIDE THE PICTUREHOUSE.

We are in a street of the underground city. But the place is deserted - no traffic, no people about. The DOCTOR and NYSSA are reading a poster.

NYSSA (*Bemused*) *Battle From Above The Sky*. See visitors from the stars. All Action Adventure. Thrilling. Astounding. Startling?

DOCTOR Sunday for seven days. Sounds suitably tawdry and unrealistic. If we could find an usherette in the gloom, Nyssa, I'd buy you a strawberry mivvie.

NYSSA I thought 'the pictures' meant a sort of art gallery.

DOCTOR Not exactly. But it is an entertainment... of sorts.

He rattles the closed doors.

DOCTOR And this cinema must have been shut for years.

NYSSA A boarded-up picturehouse doesn't prove this is Earth.

DOCTOR (*Uneasy*) You know, I'm not sure coming here was such a good idea.

NYSSA You didn't say much at all. Just that the coordinates weren't right. This isn't Earth is it...? (Beat) Doctor?

DOCTOR (Beat) Everything shuttered up. Not a soul on the street.

NYSSA Maybe there's a curfew. Or perhaps it's just late.

DOCTOR That clock said a quarter to eight. And the atmosphere's stuffy. Like a hothouse. (*Covering up*) Yes. Yes, of course, it's Earth. We're right in the heart of London². I just didn't recognise it under the street lights. Trafalgar Square is that way with the lighted tree. And that's the Palace beyond it. Must be Christmas.

NYSSA (*Sternly*) Doctor...

DOCTOR Look, tram lines! Probably the nineteen-fifties. You see, nothing to worry about at all.

NYSSA Doctor, even I know that cities on Earth aren't built inside huge stone caverns. And Earth certainly isn't an isolated grey planet, drifting light years from any star.

DOCTOR The atmosphere's frozen, hence the underground city.

And you must admit it looks like Earth... down here at any rate.

NYSSA This close to the Cherrybowl Nebula? Much *too* close, you said.

DOCTOR I'm not sure. Can we go now?

NYSSA You know where we are, don't you?

DOCTOR No. Not for certain³.

NYSSA But you have a good idea.

DOCTOR To be honest Nyssa, I'd really rather not know. (Beat)

And yes, I know I'll never get another moment's peace if I don't find out. But I'm resigned to that. (Beat) Quite adamant, actually. (*Double beat*) Oh, all right. Just another half an hour.

NYSSA I didn't say a word.

DOCTOR You go that way. I'll go this. But be careful. Just look. Don't get involved.

NYSSA All right. (*Going*) Half an hour. Back at the TARDIS. Beat.

DOCTOR And I used to be such a good liar.

4. CITY STREET.

A Cybermat burbles past, diving for cover under a huge wobbly stack of timber. DAD HARTLEY and YVONNE are present in pursuit.

YVONNE (*Calling out*) There he goes. Under the timber stack. Dad!

DAD (*Catching his breath*) Hang on then. Crumbs Vonnie, I'm getting past all this.

YVONNE He's under there. Looked like a Deluxe.

DAD Let's have a look. (*Squinting under the timber*) Oh, yes. *The Cybermat squeaks.*

DAD Deluxe Mark 6. Thinks he's safe holed up in there.

YVONNE Here's the cheeser. *It's a sort of electronic rat trap.*

DAD Ta, love. Right, let's sort you out, you little silver vermin.
 (Studying the cheeser) Now then, setting number one'U do for a little 'un.
 He turns a dial.

YVONNE Hurry up, Dad. The last tram's gone already. It can't be far off Lights-out.

DAD Not to worry. The patrols won't be out for ages yet.
Creak of unsteady timbers. The Cybermat squeaks.

YVONNE Careful. You'll have the whole lot down.
DAD places the cheeser on the planks.

DAD Steady.
It starts to hum.

DAD There now. (Backs off a bit) He can't resist that. I'll give him three minutes. Then we can be off home to tea. Got the net?⁴

YVONNE Yep.

DAD Good, lass. And here's the tongs.
The Cybermat squeaks again.

YVONNE He's not budging.

DAD Give him time.
Another Cybermat squeaks behind them.

YVONNE What's that?

DAD There's another blooming one behind us. Typical.

YVONNE You don't think it's a nest.
The first Cybermat squeaks again. The second answers back.

DAD Crafty little perishers. They're ganging up.
More squeaks. Then the second cybermat comes squealing across past DAD.

YVONNE Look out!

DAD Ow! Little bleeder!
The timber topples forward...

YVONNE Dad!
And comes crashing down. YVONNE scrambles in.

YVONNE Dad. It's all right. Dad? Don't worry, I'll move this stuff.
 (Pushing at the timber) Come on. Come on, move! (Gives up) No good⁵
 Look Dad, I'll go and get help. Dad? (Beat) Dad! (He's not moving) Oh, God.
 Help! Someone, please help!
 NYSSA comes clambering over wood.

NYSSA Hello? What's happening?

YVONNE The timber's across his chest. I can't lift it on my own.
She starts to cough.

NYSSA What about you?

YVONNE battles to unscrew a pill jar.

YVONNE (Spluttering) Just need my pills, that's all. (Swallows)
 There. Fine now. Please, my dad.

NYSSA Let's look at him.

YVONNE He's not moving.

NYSSA We'll need something to lift the wood.

YVONNE It isn't safe.

NYSSA That metal rod. (Pulling) If I can...
The rod comes free.

NYSSA Got it.

YVONNE Be careful.

NYSSA I'm going to lever up the wood. You try to pull him free.

YVONNE Yep.
NYSSA (*Exerting pressure*) Right. Here it comes.
The timber starts to creak. Small bits clatter down.
YVONNE It's lifting. Push harder!
NYSSA (*Struggling*) I'm trying to.
 That's it. Come on, Dad. (*Pulling him clear*) Out you come.
YVONNE That's it. Come on, Dad. (*Pulling him clear*) Out you come.
NYSSA Please... hurry
YVONNE Nearly clear.
NYSSA gasps. The timber clatters sideways.
YVONNE Are you all right? Hello?
Beat.
NYSSA (*Coughing*) Fine. Really. What about your father?
YVONNE Dad? Come on, please. (*Beat*) I don't know. He's not moving.
NYSSA (*Moving in*) Let's see. (*Beat*) He's not breathing.
YVONNE What are you doing?
NYSSA Just a second. I can't find his pulse. (*Beat*)
YVONNE I don't understand.
NYSSA (*Gently*) I'm sorry... Look, I don't even know your name. But your father... I don't think he's... well, he's not...
DAD Her name's Yvonne, lass.
NYSSA Oh!
YVONNE Dad!
DAD Gave us all a fright, that did. I'm a bit dusty, but still all in one piece.
YVONNE Are you sure?
DAD My arms's a bit... No, course I'm fine. Now, who's your friend?
NYSSA I'm sorry. Your pulse... I mean, I thought you were...
YVONNE I really couldn't've got Dad out on my own. Thank you... erm...
NYSSA My name's Nyssa.
DAD (*Laughing*) Nyssa! Well, that's original. We're obliged to you, Nyssa. Oh lor', look at the state of your lovely clothes. We'd best get you cleaned up.
NYSSA No. Really, I'm fine.
DAD Well, you can't have far to go, not so close to Lights-out.
NYSSA I'm not actually from around here, you see.
Sound of distant claxons. Plink as the street lights go out.
YVONNE Lights-out. You'll never get home now.
NYSSA I can look after myself.
DAD (*Laughs*) With night patrols out? I reckon you'd best come back with us. It's the least we can do.
NYSSA Sorry, but I have to meet someone.
YVONNE It's not safe after Lights-out. No one goes out.
DAD Only blood-market spivs and civil servants.
YVONNE (*Foreboding*) And the Police.
NYSSA No, truly I have to meet...
DAD (*Sharp*) Now then. No arguing, young lady. It's back home quick as you can. And we'll see what's set for tea.

5. CITY STREET.

The DOCTOR's solitary footsteps approach and stop.

DOCTOR (To himself) The Empress of China once had a great fright, She couldn't remember her left from her right... (Beat) Right, I think... (Beat. Then reading) Tram stop. (Beat) Or maybe left. Ahhh...
A shop door opens sounding its little bell.

DODD We're closed.

DOCTOR Oh, I'm sorry. Just exploring.

DODD Well, you won't catch a tram to go "exploring" from around here at this time of the night. No more trams until the morning.⁶

DOCTOR Ah, well. I don't think I've ever travelled on a tram. I'm the Doctor by the way. How far does the city reach?

DODD(Very cagey) Doctor, eh? Public or... private? (He makes 'private' sound deeply dubious)

DOCTOR That's between me and my clients.

DODD Private, then.

DOCTOR Very possibly. Is that a problem?

DODD We've a lot of doctors round here already.⁷ Where's your identity papers?

DOCTOR Sorry. Seem to have mislaid them.

DODD Or your ration book? Any family?⁸

DOCTOR Lost them too. Very careless.

DODD (Suddenly starts to chuckle) A doctorman. Yes, I like it. Clothes, hair, teeth, eyes. Very nice. Very... healthy. All your own, are they?

DOCTOR Just something I go about in.

DODD Outside and in?

DOCTOR Down to the last ligament. Strange. I heard artificial organs were all the rage round here.

DODD (Annoyed) Newfangled Committee gadgetry.

DOCTOR (Sharp) Committee? So, there's no more demand for good old-fashioned, natural transplants.

DODD Oh, you should see my waiting list. You ever thought of a new career as a donor, Doctor? It can be very lucrative.

DOCTOR Is this your shop? (Reads) Thomas Dodd, purveyor and fitter of necessary bodily parts. Discounts negotiable. Perhaps I should take a look.

DODD (Worried) You a Health Inspector? You're certainly not Police.⁹

DOCTOR Tell me, Mr Dodd. Tell me about the City.

DODD (Suddenly chummy) Listen, Doctor. How's about a glass or three?¹⁰ We can have a nice little chat. Just us.

6. THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT.

Key in the front door. It opens to let in DAD, YVONNE and NYSSA.

DAD (Calling) We're home, lad. (To others) In you come, you two. Let's see what our Prank's got for tea.

NYSSA Thank you, but I really shouldn't...

DAD Oh, nonsense. Yvonne, take Nyssa through while I lock up.

He starts throwing bolts and jingling chains.

YVONNE Through here, Nyssa.

She opens the door to the parlour.

YVONNE Frank, we've got a visitor. Oh...

CONSTANT *(Rather overbearing)* Good evening, Yvonne.

YVONNE *(Wary)* Sister Constant. Hullo.

FRANK The Sisterman's been waiting for hours. Where've you been?

CONSTANT Don't exaggerate Frank. I've been waiting fifty-six minutes.

FRANK Who's that?

NYSSA My name's Nyssa. Good evening.

DAD *(Coming in)* Nyssa missed her last tram home. We couldn't leave her out on the streets. You're out late, Sister.

CONSTANT Just on my rounds. *(To NYSSA)* Do I know you, dear?

NYSSA I don't think so.

DAD Nyssa's down from the South district. Not under your jurisprudence up there, is she?

CONSTANT Regrettably not. How are you, Yvonne? Still employed at the hydroponic culture plant?

YVONNE Yes, thank you, Sister.

CONSTANT Good. And is the medication working?

YVONNE Yes, thanks.

CONSTANT No side effects?

YVONNE Nope. Not much.

FRANK Apart from being Dad's favourite.

DAD Frank!

CONSTANT And you, Mr Hartley? How are you since the cardio-ectomy?

DAD Well, normal mostly. Sometimes I can feel the Uttle paddles going round in the chest unit.

CONSTANT That's normal.

DAD Like being wired up to a blooming accordion. I'll give you a tune if you like.

CONSTANT You seem to be holding your arm awkwardly.

DAD Just pulled it a bit. Ow! *(Winces)*

YVONNE Dad, you didn't say.

CONSTANT Perhaps we should take a look.

DAD *(Defensive)* Oh, no. I know what that means. My arm's fine. And I neither want nor can afford a new one.

CONSTANT As you like. *(To NYSSA)* And you, young lady? Nyssa what exactly?

NYSSA Nyssa of Traken.

CONSTANT O'Traken. That's unusual. There's an O'Brien family in the West district. May I see your papers?

NYSSA *(Prim)* In the South, where I come from, we accept people on trust. Mr Hartley has generously extended his hospitality to me. But I don't answer to strangers, especially public servant busybodies like you. *DAD lets out a phew of disbelief.*

CONSTANT *(Very frosty)* I see. Well, if you'll excuse me, I must be going.

DAD Oh, dear. I'll see you out.

FRANK Sister? Any chance of a call-up?
DAS (Weary) Oh no, Frank. Not now.
CONSTANT You're a bit young for that, aren't you? We'll have to see. Heaven bless you all.
 After a second we hear the bolts outside the hall being undone.
YVONNE (*Whispering with glee~*) Nyssa! That was brilliant. That sorted the old boot out. Wasn't that brilliant, Frank?
FRANK (*Sulking*) Brilliant.
NYSSA Surely if she can go, I can go too.
 The front door closes. Bolts etc.
YVONNE It's not safe. (*Calls out*) Dad, tell her she can't go.
NYSSA But my friend...
DAD (*Coming back*) Put the kettle on, Frank. By heck Nyssa, I wouldn't want to go a couple of rounds with you. But Vonnie's right. You're better off here.
NYSSA I hope I wasn't rude.
DAD To the Sisterman? There's not much courtesy behind her curtains, as my dad used to say. As for your friend... well, he'll just have to look after hisself.

7. PHONE BOX.

The apparatus is very old fashioned - Sixties style. CONSTANT is dialling a number. Two beats. We hear faint ringing. The line is answered. Faint du-du-du-du. A clunk as CONSTANT drops in a coin and presses button A.

CONSTANT It's Constant. I have a selectee at (*very precise*) North District Block Nine, Apartment Thirty-One - Hartley Nine Eight Dee. And I'm reporting a stranger at the same location. Check first name Nyssa and the surname is something like O'Traken, possibly bogus. Warn all patrols to be on the lookout for any more unregistered strangers.

8. INT. SHOP.

FX: Pouring drink.

DODD So, yes or no?
DOCTOR Sorry?
DODD That drink.
DOCTOR Ah. No. Thank you.
DODD Best not to hang about, then, Doctor. Curfew. Police'll be round soon. They don't like people to be out after dark.
DOCTOR Mr Dodd, what is the population of the City these days?
DODD Down to a few thousand.
DOCTOR And this is the last inhabited City on the planet?
 (*Cautious*) On Mondas?
DODD Course it is. Where've you been?"
DOCTOR (*Glum*) That's one question answered. No wonder business is bad. You're nearly extinct.
Doorbell as he opens the door.
DODD Oi, where you going?

9. STREET.

The DOCTOR and DODD emerge and start walking.

DODD You're not an escaped Cryo'speriment, are you? 'Cos you can't refreeze once you're thawed out.

DOCTOR Sorry, I'm meeting a friend. And I'm late already.

POLICEMAN (*Short way off*) Stop!

The POLICEMAN'S voice has the hard sing-song lilt not unlike, but not as extreme as, those of the first Cybermen of Mondas. The DOCTOR and DODD stop in their tracks. The electronic snort of a Cybersteed.

DOCTOR (*Mutter*) Committee Police?

DODD Told you.

The horse starts to clip-clop slowly closer. It may have hydraulic fetlocks too.

DOCTOR Remarkable. Unlike, but not unlike. And with a processed, armoured horse too.

The horse stops.

DODD (*Cautious*) Good evening, officer.

POLICEMAN Identify yourself. Civilian movement is forbidden during hours of curfew.

DOCTOR No blank mask yet. Still recognisably human for all the augmented bodywork...

POLICEMAN Identify yourself.

DOCTOR ...but not as advanced as I'd anticipated. That's encouraging.

A whip lashes and cracks. The DOCTOR cries out in pain.

DODD He says he's a doctorman.

DOCTOR (*In pain*) And this one says he's a paragon of virtue, but I wouldn't believe either of us.

POLICEMAN Stand up.

The DOCTOR rises with difficulty.

DOCTOR I was standing before you knocked me down... thank you, officer.¹²

POLICEMAN These streets are sealed. Present your Identification Papers.

DOCTOR I don't have an identity. Not as far as you're concerned.

DODD Don't antagonise him.

DOCTOR I doubt he has the knack to get even slightly disgruntled.

(Slapping his pockets) Now, where did I put that Chinese cracker? (Finds it) Aha.

POLICED/IAN Do not move. Give your name and district.

The horse clip clops closer.

DODD What're you doing?

DOCTOR Matches, matches... Just a small diversion.

POLICEMAN Name and district are required.

He strikes a match.

DOCTOR Best kept away from animals.

POLICEMAN Defiance is unacceptable. Surrender now.

DOCTOR (*To himself*) Whatever happened to resistance is useless?

(Aloud as he strikes another match) Sorry to keep you.

The firework starts to hiss. The whip cracks again. The DOCTOR yells in pain again.

POLICEMAN You are to be detained under the aegis of the Central Comm...

The firecracker starts to explode In a series of bangs. The horse shies.

DOCTOR Run!

The DOCTOR and DODD scarper. As the firework goes off, the Cyberpoliceman struggles to control its steed. But there is no emotion in its voice.

POLICEMAN

Warning...

Warning.

The horse calms.

POLICEMAN Two suspects proceeding along Third Street away from restricted area. I cannot leave my post. *(Fade out)* I cannot leave my post.

10. THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM.

Domestic bliss etc... and a caged bird twitters occasionally. NYSSA's clearing china plates and cutlery.

DAD Help clear the table, Frank. Don't leave it all to Nyssa.

FRANK I've got homework...

YVONNE *(Sarcy)* Aahh. Too difficult, is it?

FRANK No. But *I* had to entertain the Sisterman.

YVONNE She should be so lucky. Eric Krailford says...¹³

FRANK Oh, Eric Krailford. I saw Eric Krailford smooching with Elsie Phipps in the turnip queue.

YVONNE You little liar!

FRANK She was crying 'cos Eric's gone and...¹⁴

DAD Frank! We have a guest! Do your homework!

Beat.

NYSSA What sort of homework is it?

FRANK *(Superior)* Logic and cybertechnics.¹⁵

NYSSA Perhaps I could help. I know a lot about...

FRANK What?

DAD Frank!

FRANK *(Sulky)* No, thanks.

NYSSA Sorry.

DAD Take no notice of him, Nyssa.

NYSSA The tea was very nice, Mr Hartley. Thank you. But I still think I should go.

DAD And I've told you, it's not safe. Any road, we couldn't turn you out. Not so close to the holiday. We'll see you get an early tram.

NYSSA But it's not really like that.

YVONNE *(Whistles couple of notes)* Trillerby's still not singing properly.

FRANK Stupid bird.

YVONNE He used to pick up songs just like that. *(To the bird)* Come on, Trillerby. *(Whistles again)*¹⁶

NYSSA What sort of bird is he?

YVONNE Trillerby Mark 2. But he's got a bit worn out.

NYSSA Oh. *(Half laughs)* I thought he was real.

FRANK Real!

YVONNE He is real, Frank. Half and half. Just a bit rusty, that's all.

NYSSA *(Embarrassed)* Yes. Of course.

The bird goes on tweeting.

DAD Now, Nyssa, you're not grand, are you? Only if you're technically minded...

NISSA What is it?
DAD The chest box, you see. Plays up something chronic at night.
NYSSA If it's medical, my friend's a Doctor...
DAD Not medical. Just a bit of technical jiggery pokery. And I thought maybe...
NYSSA Can I see? Hold still.
DAD Not something I'd bother the Sisterman with...
NYSSA It's a bit primitive. Do you have a screwdriver?
 A loud banging on the front door.
WOMAN (*Outside, terrified*) Let me in! Help! Please! Help!¹⁷
The banging continues.
YVONNE Oh, no.
DAD (*Scared*) Frank, quick. Turn on the telly.
WOMAN Please! Help me! Help! Let me in! (*Etc...*)
The TV sound comes on - something that sounds very Fifties that we can have fun with.
NYSSA Who is it?
DAD Well, it's not carol singers. Just don't answer.
The WOMAN continues yelling and banging.
YVONNE It's Mrs Ginsberg.
NYSSA But we can't ignore her.
DAD Louder, Frank.
The TV sound goes louder. So does the banging.
DAD Daft woman. That's what happens if you're out after dark.
NYSSA I've got to help her.
YVONNE Nyssa, come back!
A whip crack outside. The knocking stops. The WOMAN'S yells fade into the distance. The TV sound burbles on¹⁸.
DAD She's gone. Turn it off, lad.
The sound goes off.
NYSSA I don't understand. What's happened to her?
YVONNE Don't touch the curtains.
NYSSA pulls back the material.
NYSSA Why are the windows boarded up?
Outside the tramp of marching feet approaches.
YVONNE (*Afraid*) Listen. The patrols.
DAD Quiet. Must be Police.¹⁹
FRANK I said *she* shouldn't stay.
The marching is going past.
NYSSA What is it? I don't want to get you in trouble.
The sound of an approaching heavy truck.
DAD Whole bloomin' convoy of them. On manoeuvres at this time of night? Now what are they playing at?
YVONNE (*Afraid*) Dad.
DAD Well, we don't want to know, do we? It's not our business. Put the kettle on, Frank, and then there's the holiday decorations to put up.

11. ENTRANCE TO AN ALLEY.

Heavy trucks rumble past every few seconds. THOMAS DODD is watching from the shadows.

DOCTOR Mr Dodd?
DODD (*Jumping*) Strewth!
DOCTOR Are you following me?
DODD (*Relief*) Oh Doctor. You gave the old paddles a turn.
 Didn't know we were going the same way home.
DOCTOR What a coincidence. I was heading for the picturehouse
 when these trucks appeared.
DODD Watch it!
A particularly large truck lumbers past.
DOCTOR That was some sort of mechanical digger. Something's
 going on under cover of darkness.²⁰ Yes?
DODD Oh, yes. Never seen so many police. The whole area's
 cordoned off, right down to the North Stalagstacks.
DOCTOR And?
DODD Word is they're levelling the area for new parade
 grounds.
Another truck thunders past.
DOCTOR So many of them. Let's take a look.
DODD You can't. You'll never get through.
DOCTOR Don't say you don't know a back route, Mr Dodd. If the
 trucks are going in empty, what'll they be bringing out? It won't be tea
 and cakes, that's for certain.

12. THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM.

The family and NYSSA get out the decorations.

DAD Here we are then. One tree.
YVONNE Pworh. Dad!
DAD Aye, well, maybe it's seen better days.²¹ But with a few
 baubles and a bit of tinsel... What d'you think, Nyssa?
NYSSA (*Unsure*) It'll be like the tree in the square. What about
 your chest unit? Is it better?
DAD Humming along a treat now. You're a tonic, lass. Thank you.
FRANK I can't do homework with all this going on.
DAD Then come and help with the washing up.²²
YVONNE Good riddance to bad rubbish.
FRANK Just don't nick all the baubles for earrings.²³
YVONNE plonks a box down and starts to rustle through the decorations.
YVONNE Take no notice. Brothers are like that.
NYSSA So I gather.
YVONNE You'll be glad to get back to your family for the holiday.
NYSSA (*Very subdued*) Yes, I'd really like that.
YVONNE Oh, look. Here's the star for the top. I suppose you have
 a really posh tree at home.
NYSSA Well, not really. Not like this. But at our autumn festival,
 when the leaves were turning amber, we'd hang all the trees in the
 garden with paper lanterns. And all the fruits - all purple and red, were
 carried in on silver panniers. And the people would sing at the gates. I
 used to love that.²⁴
YVONNE A whole garden of trees? The only real trees are in the
 hydrohouses where I work. And the lit-up one in Committee Palace
 Square, of course.

NYSSA Sorry, Yvonne. I like to imagine things.
YVONNE Me too. I just want us all to be together again. Mum and Dad. Even Prank.
NYSSA Yes. Mother and Father. And the Doctor too.
YVONNE Don't worry about your friend.
NYSSA I was thinking about that poor woman out there.
YVONNE rustles decorations.
YVONNE (*Sharp*) Taken into care, I expect. The Committee does whatever's for the best. Oh, look. It's Matty. He's been missing for ages.
NYSSA (*Rather revolted*) What is it?
YVONNE He's my mat. He must have been hibernating in the decorations box.
NYSSA But it's a metal worm.
YVONNE Didn't you ever have one? They were the latest craze - ages ago. Matty? Come on, wake up. Matty?
NYSSA It's alive, isn't it? Half machine.
YVONNE Dad got him for me. Catching them's what he does. The mats that got away and went wild.²⁵
NYSSA (*Incredulous*) He's a mat-catcher?
YVONNE Yep. Matty? Come on...
MATTY emits a sluggish meep.
YVONNE No, he's not right.
NYSSA Can I see? Perhaps I can fix him for you.

13. CHURCH TOWER.

The DOCTOR and DODD climb the wooden stairs.

DODD Up here's the church tower's clock room.
DOCTOR The Church of Former-Day Souls. I'm right behind you, Mr Dodd.
They reach the clock room - wooden floor.
DODD This is it. Mind the workings in the dark.
DOCTOR These cogs are like mill-wheels. (*Moves to the edge*) Quite a view though, if it was light.
DODD In daytime, you could see all the City from the bell tower, before the Church got abandoned.
DOCTOR Like the picturehouse. Ah the old temples of worship closing. (*Craning out*) Now, what are they up to down there?
DODD Levelling the area. I told you.
DOCTOR Without touching the buildings? No, I think their purpose is far more specific.
DODD Why? What else could they possibly...²⁶ (*Horried realisation*) Blimey, Doctor. They're digging up the graveyard. *Footsteps behind them.*
DOCTOR Careful. We have company.
POLICEMAN Do not move. You are recognised escapees and are required for adjudication.

14. THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN & FRONT ROOM.

DAD and FRANK drying dishes.

FRANK She didn't eat much. Just picked at it. All our rations for the holiday going to waste.

DAD We'll manage. Pass that dish.

FRANK You know what's happening, don't you?

DAD What's that?²⁷

FRANK (*Irritated*) The manoeuvres, Dad. It's the final push. The work crews are on the verge of breaking through to the surface.

DAD You know what I think about that. It's a long way off. If ever.

From the front room comes the sound of NYSSA and YVONNE laughing.

FRANK Dad?

DAD Yes, Frankie.

FRANK I want to join up. There's no point in waiting for the call-up papers. I want to be in there now, when the breakthrough comes. I want to see the sky and not go mad.

DAD (*Gently*) That's very heroic, son. But you know the answer.

FRANK (*Indignant*) I'm not too young. And I'd send home my pay.

DAD And we'd never see you again.

FRANK That's not true.

DAD Name one person we know who's come back from the work crews. Tom Reynolds? The Chang twins? I don't want to be proud of a black-bordered telegram with sympathy from the Central Committee. I want my son here.

NYSSA (*Under this*) Mr Hartley? Yvonne and I thought...

FRANK Eric Krailford's joining up.

YVONNE Eric? (*Coming in*) That's not true!

DAD Yvonne.

YVONNE Eric wouldn't!

DAD Course it's not true.

FRANK It is true!

YVONNE He wouldn't go. (*Starts to cough*) He wouldn't.

NYSSA Yvonne...

DAD Vonnie. Come on, love.

NYSSA What's the matter with her?

YVONNE (*Spluttering*) Just my pills. I'll be fine.

Pills rattle from a jar.

DAD There you are, sweetheart. Gently now.

FRANK What about me? You never listen to me! You look after strangers and give them our rations. And nothing's left now from what you got when you sold Mum!

*He slams the door.*²⁸

DAD Prank! (*Exasperated beat*) Nyssa, I'm so sorry.

NYSSA No, please. Yvonne's more important.

YVONNE (*Weak*) Much better already.

DAD That's right.

NYSSA Mr Hartley, I'm going now. I've caused enough trouble.

YVONNE Oh Nyssa, no.

NYSSA You mustn't stop me. I can look after myself.

DAD I feel... well, it's not good enough.

NYSSA I'm putting you all in danger. I'll speak to my friend, the Doctor. And we'll bring you some food to make up for what you've given me. But I must go. You've all been so kind...

A thunderous knocking at the door.

YVONNE (Terrified whisper) Police.

DAD Vonnie, into your room I Take Nyssa.

YVONNE Through the back bedroom. Quickly!

More bangs on the door.

DAD I'll hold them up as long as I can.

15. CHURCH TOWER - CLOCK ROOM.

POLICEMAN This area is restricted to civilians.

DOCTOR Why? What aren't we supposed to see?

POLICEMAN You are recognised criminals - required for adjudication by the Committee.

DODD Leg it, Doctor!

The DOCTOR yells in pain as the CYBERPOLICEMAN grabs him.

POLICEMAN You are under arrest.

DOCTOR (*Struggling*) Twice in one day? I think not!

The DOCTOR and POLICEMAN stumble forward and knock the clock mechanism. A clunk. A whirring sound. The giant cogs start to clunk forward all round them. Clunk. Clunk etc...

DOCTOR (*Half muffled*) Mr Dodd! Thomas! Help me!

POLICEMAN Do not resist.

A large chain rattles through.

DODD I got him.

A loud thunk as DODD hits the POLICEMAN with a piece of wood. The POLICEMAN makes sing-song cries as he stumbles backwards into the chain.

DOCTOR Look out!

Clank. Crunch. The POLICEMAN is mangled between the spinning cogs. His cry whizzes back and forth between the two sound channels. Then he drops lifeless to the floor. The cogs go on clunking.

DOCTOR (*Gasping*) Thomas. Give me a hand with these ropes.

DODD (*Stunned*) I can't think. He was... And then you... Who are you?

DOCTOR Please. The bell ropes. Gather as many as you can.

DODD Here.

DOCTOR Now, if we wind them round the pendulum. And let the cog wheels take up the slack.

DODD Digging up the graveyard. Disgusting, that's what it is.²⁹
That's going too far.

DOCTOR Thomas, how do you see the future of this City in... oh, five years' time?

DODD Sorry, *mate*. I've a business to run. I don't do philosophy.
The ropes start to creak.

DOCTOR You've never bothered to think past your own front counter. But you better had. Because this City's heading for a very nasty future indeed.

First bong.

DOCTOR And that thing lying there, that travesty that was once a human being, is part of it.

Second bong.

DOCTOR I don't know how long it'll take. I'm not even sure I want to stop it. But I can give you a wake-up call.

Third bong.

DOCTOR Because it's up to you, not me, to change things and stop
this horror once and for all.

Fourth bong.

16. THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT - HALL.

Wood splinters as the Cyberpolice pound on the front door.

DAD All right. Wait, win you!

He pushed back bolts and opens the door. Distant bells.

DAD I've got a poorly daughter, you know. What do you lot
want?

POLICEMAN This household is hiding a stranger.

DAD Oh, it is, is it?

POLICEMAN All reports must be checked.

DAD There's no privacy these days. Not even in your own
home.

*Fade back from this conversation as we move to YVONNE'S room for
Scene 17. DAD can still be heard arguing in the distance.³⁰*

POLICEMAN This apartment is registered for three occupants. Search
the premises.

DAD Now hold on a minute. How'd you like me to come turning
over your private property?

POLICEMAN Stand aside.

DAD Stand aside, *sir!* Whatever happened to civil rights? Here,
leave that alone, you! In the old days, you had to have a special warrant
from the police station. Nowadays the blooming Central Committee just
tramples on everything. Mind that vase!³¹

*A crash of breaking china - which can punctuate this tirade at any point
once Scene 17 has finished.*

17. THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT - YVONNE'S ROOM.

*The final part of DAD's protests from Scene 16 can be heard in the
background.*

YVONNE (*Urgent*) Go on, Nyssa. There's no one in the alley.

NYSSA Yvonne. I'm sorry.

YVONNE Thanks for helping Dad. Here. Take this.

NYSSA The Cybermat?³²

YVONNE Just take it. It's yours.

NYSSA But...

YVONNE We'll be all right. Go on. Go!

The crash comes from downstairs.

18. THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM.

DAD (*Very upset*) Automated ruffians! That was my wife's...

lie cries out in pain as a POLICEMAN grabs him.

POLICEMAN Where is the intruder?

FRANK Leave my dad alone! She's in the back room.

DAD No, Frank.

The POLICEMAN releases DAD.

FRANK Through there.
The POLICEMEN start to move.
YVONNE (Coming in) Frank, how could you!
POLICEMAN Hold her.
YVONNE cries out.
FRANK Not her! She's my sister!
YVONNE is released.
FRANK In the back room.
The POLICEMEN move out.
YVONNE (Hissed whispers) How could you!
FRANK They were hurting dad.
DAD Has Nyssa gone?
YVONNE Yes.
DAD Good. (Foreboding) Now, what'll they do with the rest of us?
The distant bell is still audible.
YVONNE What's that? Can you hear it?
DAD (Mystified) The church. That's the bell in the old tower. It's not rung for years
YVONNE But what does it mean? Is it a warning?

19. STREET - OUTSIDE THE TARDIS.

The church bell is echoing across the city. General murmur of people moving on the street.

DOCTOR (Approaching) Can I get past, please. Thank you. Thanks.
NYSSA Doctor, thank goodness.
DOCTOR (A bit manic) Nyssa. Well done for getting back here. Sorry to keep you waiting.
NYSSA There's a lot of people.³³ All of a sudden.
The DOCTOR fumbles the key into the TARDIS lock.
DOCTOR Yes. That's the idea. Come on. Into the TARDIS.

20. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

Hum of the engines. The DOCTOR and NYSSA enter.

NYSSA I knew this wasn't Earth.
DOCTOR Yes. But I just had to make sure this was the planet I thought it was. Before...
NYSSA Before what?
The doors close.
DOCTOR Before I take us away from here.
He starts flicking switches.
NYSSA No, Doctor. You can't do that.
DOCTOR You heard that bell? It's a *reveille* - to wake people up. And once they see what's going on, they can take control of their own destiny.
NYSSA No, Doctor.
DOCTOR Please don't argue. I am not staying. I know this place's future.
NYSSA So do I.
DOCTOR What?

NYSSA It's obvious. And horrible too. One day the people of this city will become the Cybermen. It's already happening.

DOCTOR Yes. Yes, this is Mondas. Earth's long-lost twin planet. And I can't interfere with its future.

NYSSA But there aren't Cybermen yet.

DOCTOR Not yet, but soon.

NYSSA We can stop it before it goes too far.

DOCTOR No. If anyone changes the future of Mondas, it must be the people themselves. If we're discovered here, then the whole future of the galaxy will be unbalanced - and we'll be to blame.

21. CENTRAL COMMITTEE CHAMBER.

The gentle pulse of dozens of life-support units ranged all round the cavernous resonant chamber.

CYBERMAN *(One of the original Tenth Planet-sfcyJe voices - of which the POLICEMEN so far encountered are only a pale foreshadow) Police patrols report a disturbance in the city. Hostile intruders have been observed.*

Bedeep-bedeep-bedeep of data processing over a cacophony of slightly processed, but still human voices.

VOICES Police patrol report.

A disturbance in the city

Hostile intruders have been observed.

Finally the voices unite into one single chorus voice: that of the Central Committee.

COMMITTEE CHORUS The Committee is agreed. Insurgency must be crushed. Find the intruders and eliminate them immediately.

PART TWO

21 (again). CENTRAL COMMITTEE CHAMBER.

The gentle pulse of dozens of life-support units ranged all round the cavernous resonant chamber.

CYBERMAN (*Original Tenth Planet style voice*) Police patrols report a disturbance in the city. Hostile intruders have been observed. *Bedeep-bedeep-bedeep of data processing over a cacophony of slightly processed, but still human voices.*

VOICES Police patrol report.

A disturbance in the city
Hostile intruders have been observed.
Finally the voices unite into one single chorus voice: that of the Central Committee.

COMMITTEE CHORUS The Committee is agreed. Insurgency must be crushed. Find the intruders and eliminate them immediately.

22. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

The DOCTOR and NYSSA arguing.

DOCTOR Nyssa, the people of Mondas must decide their future for themselves.

NYSSA But they're suffering terribly. They're good people, and some of them are sick. I've promised to help.

DOCTOR What?

NYSSA (*Quietly determined*) I have to, Doctor. And if you won't get involved, then I must stay behind and do it by myself.

DOCTOR Nyssa? Where are you going?

NYSSA (*Heading for her room*) To get my things.

DOCTOR No! (*Dashes after her*) Nyssa. You're being unreasonable.

NYSSA Am I? I want to give those people some hope. I want to stop the Cybermen from coming into existence.

DOCTOR Yes, very laudable, but you can't do it on your own. You're not an army. You can't turn the whole of history round on a sixpence.

NYSSA I've seen you do it.

DOCTOR Not in this case. If we stop one history, we only replace it with another, probably equally as bad. Believe me, I know.

NYSSA And what have you been doing? What about your 'wake-up' call?

DOCTOR (*Deep breath*) Look, the Cybermen's future is infamous across the Galaxy: Earth's twin planet wandering out of its orbit. Its dwindling population, already millennia ahead of Earth technologically, gradually replacing bodily organs with manufactured parts. All in a final desperate bid to avoid extinction.

NYSSA Until they finally replace their own consciousness with the cold precision of machine logic.

DOCTOR The cold logic that snuffs out the spark in people. I'm not even sure they are people by the end. They're just so many tinned leftovers.

The perspective pulls back as they continue. They become more distant as if heard from the console room.

DOCTOR I think I'd rather lose all my other lives than become a Cyberman.

As they argue, the Cybermat in NYSSA's bag bleeps sluggishly and bleeps again as if it's waking up.

NYSSA The people I met were actually very kind.

DOCTOR Yes, yes, I'm sure. But you must see... the infinity of Time and Space is all laid out like a huge game of consequences. (And *back into close perspective as the DOCTOR works up steam*) Sometimes you play, sometimes you sit on the sideline, sometimes you run on afterwards with a stretcher.

NYSSA Yes, we've had this discussion before (*Very sharp*) A pity that didn't occur to you when it came to sacrificing Adric.

Beat.

DOCTOR (*Stunned*) Ah... Yes... Adric. So much that never gets said... Bound to boil over sooner or later.

NYSSA Excuse me, I have some things to sort out.
She closes her door quietly. In the distance, we hear the Cybermat burble past and away.

DOCTOR Yes. Erm, I'll be waiting.

23. CITY STREET.

The church bell is still ringing. A crowd of people milling about. The CYBERPOLICEMAN's voice echoes out over the throng.

POLICEMAN Clear these streets. Return to your homes. There is nothing to see. You are breaking the curfew.

CITIZEN Leave the graves alone!

CITIZEN 2 You ghouls! Leave them in peace!

The crowd takes up the chant of 'Rest in peace! Rest in peace!', banging dustbin lids in time.

POLICEMAN Return to your homes. Entrance to the area is prohibited by the Central Committee.

The chanting goes on.

CONSTANT (*Approaching*) Captain.

POLICEMAN Sisterman Constant.

CONSTANT What's happening? Who started the bell?

POLICEMAN Unnamed intruders have been observed.

CONSTANT I reported a stranger myself.

The bell stops ringing. The chanting flags a bit.

CONSTANT Well, thank the sky above for that.

POLICEMAN The Central Committee advises that force may be employed to disperse the crowd.

CONSTANT Do they indeed? Then you'd better get on with it!

POLICEMAN First squad... advance!

Whips start to crack. In the melee, we hear the sounds of horses' hooves. The crowd gives occasional yells and screams. Cyberpolice are saying, 'Get back. Get back'. Fade.

24. TARDIS CORRIDOR.

NYSSA (Cautious) Doctor?
DOCTOR Nyssa.
NYSSA I'm sorry, Doctor. I didn't mean it. Not in that way. I just realised what this place is. And what it means. And Adric...
DOCTOR Poor Adric. We never really stopped to mourn him. I suppose on Traken there are profound and beautiful ceremonies to honour fallen heroes.
NYSSA But they'd seem out of place here. (Beat) The family I met, the Hartleys, had very little to live on. Everything's rationed by some sort of Central Committee. I just want to take them some food.
DOCTOR (Darkly) Yes, the Committee again. (Giving in) Yes. Yes, of course you must. I can wait.
NYSSA Thank you.
Opens console room door. The TARDIS hum is louder.
DOCTOR There are signs of Cybertechnology everywhere. Even the police horses. More machine than animal.
NYSSA Oh, I forgot. Yvonne gave me something.
DOCTOR What's that?
She starts to rummage through her bag.
NYSSA Where is it? It's too big to just disappear.
DOCTOR What was it Uke?
NYSSA It was her pet. But it was half machine too. Like a silver worm.
DOCTOR A Cybermat? You brought a Cybermat into my TARDIS?!

25. COMMITTEE PALACE - HOSPITAL WARD.

Unlike the run-down feel of the city, the Central Committee Palace is advanced and hi-tech. In the processing wards, surgeon-general Dr Christine Allan and her staff are in crisis. A repeater alarm buzzes.

ALLAN Nurse! Patient six-seven!
NURSE Yes, Doctorman Allan.
The trundle of screens being pulled round a bed.
ALLAN (Urgent) His pulmonary unit's rejecting. Switch to auto-backup before his logic walls go down.
The buzzer alarm continues with a new whining hum.
ALLAN And give him a shot of morphine.
But the patient gasps and emits a cybergurgle of pain. A crash of surgical pans hitting the floor.
ALLAN Hold him!
The spluttering gurgle increases.
ALLAN Hurry! He'll drown in his own plasma! (Exasperation) Give me that!³⁴
She wrests hold of the controls. The buzzer rate speeds up momentarily. The patient gives a final forced gurgle. Electricity crackles. Liquid splatters on the floor. The buzzer goes to a continuous tone.
ALLAN Damn!
NURSE Sorry, Doctor.
ALLAN Just clear it away. (Beat) I need a drink.
She pushes aside the screens. The buzzer tone stops. CONSTANT is waiting outside.
CONSTANT Good evening, doctorman.

ALLAN Sisterman Constant. You're back from recruiting early. Bring your reports into the office.

CONSTANT I see we've lost another crewman.
Swish of sliding doors. The sound of the ward changes to the closeness of ALLAN'S office.

ALLAN That's the third back from the surface in two days. The processing won't stabilise. They barely survive a week out there. Drink?
She pours herself a glass.

CONSTANT No, thank you. Are you sure you should? (Beat)
Doctorman, your staff are exhausted.

ALLAN What do you expect? We're working all hours with no resources, but the Committee just demands more and more. We need to stop everything and rethink. (*Drinks*)

CONSTANT You know there's been trouble in the City.

ALLAN What sort of trouble?

CONSTANT Nearly a riot.

ALLAN You're joking.

CONSTANT Someone set off the bell in the old church. Right beside the dig.

ALLAN (*Laughs*) Now there's a surprise.

CONSTANT (*Disapproving*) Really, doctorman.

ALLAN That's the funniest thing I've heard in months. I hope they call the whole disgusting project off. As if dead bones will help. Who did it anyway?

CONSTANT The Police don't know. But I saw a strange girl with some of my patients. And there are reports of others too.

ALLAN In what way strange?

CONSTANT I didn't know her. And she certainly had no papers. That's why I reported her.

ALLAN But what was she like?

CONSTANT Very healthy looking. Well dressed and fed. No pallor.

ALLAN No one is well fed. Perhaps *she* was a rabble-rouser.

CONSTANT It seems logical. No doubt the Police will round them all up.
An announcement bing bong. From the PA system comes the chorus voice of the Committee.

COMMITTEE CHORUS Doctor Allan. You are required in the Central Committee chamber.

ALLAN Now what? (*Sigh*) Take over the ward, Constant.

CONSTANT Yes, doctor.

ALLAN No, it's absurd. How can strangers possibly exist?

CONSTANT Hadn't you better go?

ALLAN When I'm ready, thank you, Sisterman. Sure I can't tempt you? Just a little glass?

CONSTANT (*Cold*) I think I had better get to the ward.
The door swishes again.

ALLAN (*Impersonating*) 'I think I'd better get to the ward.' Creep.
(To *herself*) Strangers...
Presses an intercom button.

ALLAN Switchboard? Put me through to the surveillance department.

26. TARDIS CORRIDOR.

The DOCTOR rummaging - probably inside a roundel.

NYSSA (Hurrying up) Doctor? Any luck?

DOCTOR (Very sharp) Wo.

NYSSA It must be somewhere. It can't have got out.

DOCTOR Obviously.

He fits back a panel.

NYSSA I'm sure Mr Hartley would help. He's a mat-catcher.

DOCTOR They're that much of a pest, are they?

A distant alarm sounds.

NYSSA What's that?

DOCTOR (Running off) Console room!

A sharp mini explosion.

27. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

The alarm sounding. Crackling electricity. The console makes random buzzes of protest. The door bangs open as the DOCTOR flies in.

DOCTOR Console's on fire!

He grabs a mysteriously handy fire extinguisher. It gushes away.

DOCTOR That should hold it. (Coughs in the smoke)

Another fast alarm starts up. (Please, no Cloister Bell.) More crackling.

The ship's hum is grating.

NYSSA What now?

DOCTOR Energy leak!

He flicks switches. The note of the alarm rises higher.

DOCTOR It's going to blow. Nyssa! The isolator failsafe!

NYSSA It's jammed!

DOCTOR Hit it!

NYSSA thumps the switch. The alarm falters, slows and stops. The TARDIS engine hum sinks to nothing. The DOCTOR prises off a panel under the console.

DOCTOR (Distaste) Ah, there you are. Your Cybermat's got into the console stem.

NYSSA Is it dead?

DOCTOR Burnt out. It's gnawed right into the energy conduit.

NYSSA Doctor, I'm truly sorry. (Beat) We must have spares.

I could mend it for you.³⁵

DOCTOR It's not a bicycle puncture! (Beat. Calms a little) No, I'm sorry too. Please take a look. You're good at this sort of thing. I'm going out for some fresh air.

28. CENTRAL COMMITTEE CHAMBER.

Ahead of us, the slow pulsing of a huge iron lung. Metal plates claxik. The chorus voice of the Committee echoes round us as Dr Allan stands at the heart of the chamber.

COMMITTEE **CHORUS** Doctorman Allan.

ALLAN I'm busy. What do you need now?

COMMITTEE CHORUS Power resources are low. Soon life in the City will be unsustainable.

ALLAN You mean *human* life.

COMMITTEE CHORUS You must work faster.

ALLAN Impossible. My staff are dropping already. And the death rate's increasing on the work crews.

COMMITTEE CHORUS More surgical material will be provided.

ALLAN More bones from the graveyards? I'm running a transplant unit here. Not a back-street butchers with second-hand organs fitted under the counter.

COMMITTEE CHORUS Processing must increase.

ALLAN The people are weak. We need time to optimise the ratio of technology to biology.

Bedeep, bedoop, bedoop. The Committee voices are all suddenly talking amongst themselves. Then they reunite.

COMMITTEE CHORUS The Committee disagrees. Processing rates will be increased. The City uses too many vital resources. It will be shut down.

ALLAN (*Appalled*) That's insane!³⁶

COMMITTEE CHORUS Sacrifices must be made.

ALLAN Why? What's happened? What can possibly be more important than saving the people?³⁷

COMMITTEE CHORUS We must survive.

29. CITY STREET OUTSIDE THE TARDIS.

A cybermat burbles - a different, more advanced burble to YVONNE'S pet. As the TARDIS door opens, it goes quiet.

DOCTOR I'll be back soon, Nyssa. (*Spotting the creature*) Hello? And what are you doing out here?³⁸

The cybermat starts to burble again.

DOCTOR Oh no, you don't!

He shuts the TARDIS door smartly.

DOCTOR No more Cybermats in my TARDIS. Go on, shoo!

The cybermat chitters.

DOCTOR Quite unlike the domestic version, aren't you?

He crouches to see better. From the cybermat's point of view. Hum of electronic data being processed.

DOCTOR (*Very tinny sound*) Snazzy black-painted shell. Customised for official snooping business, I expect.

Back to normal perspective.

FRANK Careful of him. Watch out!

The cybermat chitters loudly and makes a dash for cover.

DOCTOR You startled him.

FRANK That's a Mark Twelve Surveillance model. The Committee uses them. You don't see many about.

DOCTOR Then I suppose I should count myself lucky. How do you do, I'm the... I'm the Doctor.³⁹

FRANK Doctor?

DOCTOR Hmm. Quiet, isn't it? I half-hoped for a riot.⁴⁰

FRANK Do you know a girl called Nyssa?

DOCTOR Is your name Hartley? Father: a mat-catcher?

FRANK (*Wary*) Yep. I'm Prank Hartley.⁴¹

DOCTOR Thank you for looking after her, Frank. I hope she wasn't too much trouble.

FRANK What? Before or after the police came for her?
 DOCTOR Police? She never mentioned police.
 FRANK So, Where's Nyssa?
 DOCTOR You'll find her in here.
 He unlocks the TARDIS door.
 DOCTOR Go on, straight through.
 FRANK (*Confused*) In there? But it's...
 DOCTOR Nyssa will be delighted to explain the dimensional anomaly. I have a call to make. Tell her I'll be back... later. Good morning.

30. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

NYSSA working. The doors buzz open. FRANK walks in.

FRANK (*Gobsmacked*) Strewth!
 NYSSA Prank? How did you get in?
 FRANK The Doctor... Is this place...? We're underground, aren't we... somehow.
 NYSSA No. It's a dimensional anomaly.
 FRANK That's what he said. I heard the Committee Palace was like this.
 NYSSA Why are you here, Prank? What did the police do?
 FRANK Turned over the house. Questioned us for hours over who you were. Then they broke a few things and left.
 NYSSA I'm sorry. I didn't mean to cause trouble.
 FRANK Then, first post, this official letter arrived.
 NYSSA Yes?
 FRANK Call-up papers for Yvonne.
 NYSSA What does that mean?
 FRANK (*Annoyed*) Call-up for the work crews? That's why the Sisterman visited. Picking out likely recruits.
 NYSSA I don't understand. When does she go?
 FRANK Gone already. Said it was her duty.
 NYSSA Your poor father. He and Yvonne were so kind.
 FRANK Never seen Dad so cut up. Keeps saying we'll never see her again. He asked me to find you.
 NYSSA Me? (*Beat*) Prank, I hope you understand why your father is so distressed. I know how I felt when my dear father went away.
 FRANK What about me? How come it's Yvonne that has all the luck?

31. COMMITTEE CHAMBER.

Two Committee sub-chorus voices debate from opposite sides of the chamber. The voices can be more or less identical. The iron lung heaves. Plates clank.

COMMITTEE VOICE 1 Does Doctorman Allan understand her task?
 COMMITTEE VOICE 2 She still has an illogical mind...
 COMMITTEE VOICE 1 A weakness she refuses to relinquish.
 COMMITTEE VOICE 2 She is skilled and must be trusted. She now understands the threat that may destroy us all.
Bedeep bedeeep bedeeep of incoming data.
 COMMITTEE VOICE 1 Disturbances in the City have been subdued. Two police casualties occurred.

COMMITTEE VOICE 2 The disturbance was a threat. Was it caused by the reported strangers?

COMMITTEE VOICE 1 One stranger is under observation. He may lead us to more.

32. DOCTOR ALLAN'S OFFICE.

ALLAN is watching a relay of the DOCTOR from the surveillance cybermat. Hum of electronic data. Clink of a bottle and glass. ALLAN is a little worse for wear.

DOCTOR (*Tinny and fuzzy*) Ah, hello? Does your tram go past a shop or emporium run by one Thomas Dodd?

ALLAN Dodd! That old hack! (*Pours a drink*)

DOCTOR (*Tinny and fuzzy*) Money? Well, no. Not exactly. *A knock at the door. The screen clicks off.*

ALLAN What!

The door swishes open as ALLAN swigs her glass.

CONSTANT Doctorman Allan. Your light was on.

ALLAN Morning already, Constant?

CONSTANT I've recruits due in for processing.

ALLAN They won't mind waiting. Have a glass of wine.⁴²

CONSTANT No thank you.

ALLAN Please yourself. Happy holiday. (*Drinks*)

CONSTANT And your meeting with the Committee?

ALLAN Did they ever offer you augmentation?

CONSTANT We sistermen rely on our own disciplines.

ALLAN Oh, how abstemious.

CONSTANT Is that what they offered you? Augmentation?

ALLAN Think of the benefits. Increased efficiency. Clear thinking.

No more endless fatigue.

CONSTANT But full processing is only for the work crews up on the surface.

ALLAN They're upping the processing quotas.

CONSTANT What? But why?

ALLAN (*Mimicking the Committee*) *That data is secure.*

Processing for everyone. That's where it'll end.

CONSTANT (*Scared*) What do they mean? I'm a Selector.

ALLAN No one's exempt. Go on, forget your vows and have a drink.⁴¹ Purely medicinal.

CONSTANT What happens to my job if they process everyone? What are they thinking?

ALLAN You'd better tell the other sisters.

CONSTANT I will.

The door swishes.

ALLAN (*Laughing*) Good morning, Sisterman.

The screen clicks back on. Buzz of data.

DOCTOR (*On screen - flagging down a truck*) Stop! Pull over! You're losing your cargo!

ALLAN Time to take a proper look at our 'stranger', I think...

33. CITY STREET.

A heavy truck squeals to a sudden halt.

DOCTOR (*Calling to driver*) Your cargo. It's all along the road.
The truck cab door opens. The police driver jumps down.

POLICEMAN You are recognised. An intruder.

DOCTOR No, no. Your cargo. Look.⁴⁴
He pulls up the canvas.

DOCTOR All these... (*Distaste*) stacks of bones.

POLICEMAN They are secure.

DOCTOR (*Pulling at straps*) Not for long.
The strap gives. An avalanche of bones spills out onto the street catching the POLICEMAN.

DOCTOR (*Climbing into the cab*) Thanks for your help!
He slams the door and starts the engines. The truck moves off spilling more bones.

POLICEMAN Emergency. Carrier Unit 3 stolen by intruder. Travelling south up Fifth Street.⁴⁵ Intercept immediately.

34. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

NYSSA working on the energy conduit, while FRANK babbles. Maybe some buzzes and clicks as she works.

FRANK When will the Doctor be back?

NYSSA (*Trying to concentrate*) He didn't say, Prank. Hold this,

FRANK I thought maybe you'd both come to see Dad.

NYSSA You said your Dad asked you to find us.

FRANK (*Embarrassed*) Well... yeah. I just don't know what he'll do, see.⁴⁶

NYSSA Now... I have to get this cabling duct to reseal itself... You know it was Yvonne's Cybermat that damaged this conduit in the first place

FRANK What? Old Matty?

NYSSA Yes. She gave it to me.

FRANK They go for cables. Under the pavements. The energy attracts them.
Gentle hiss from the conduit.

NYSSA Good. That's sealing nicely.

FRANK When she went...

NYSSA Yvonne.

FRANK Yeah. The whole apartment block turned out to wave her off. Like a hero.

NYSSA And you think that should have been you?

FRANK Course I do. Typical, that is.⁴⁷

NYSSA flicks switches. The power comes on full again.

NYSSA Right. I think that should hold. That'll cheer the Doctor up.

FRANK I don't understand this place.

NYSSA Frank? The call-up? Does it involve some sort of processing?

FRANK Augmentation.

NYSSA (*Afraid*) I thought so. So there's no way to get Yvonne back.

FRANK I wish.
A burble of power. An alarm sounds.

FRANK What's that?
NYSSA buzzes open the scanner.
NYSSA On the screen.
FRANK So many of them? It's a swarm.
NYSSA Cybermats. Ah over the outside of the TARDIS.

35. COMMITTEE PALACE - PROCESSING WARD.

Shuffle of feet as a column of processees moves past supervised by SISTER CONSTANT.

CONSTANT Bless you. Bless you all. Keep in line there.
ALLAN (*Arriving*) Constant, I'm leaving you in charge. I have an errand.
CONSTANT Down in the City?
ALLAN Just keep them moving. We've enough staff to cope with the processing.
CONSTANT If you say so.
YVONNE, who is passing, coughs badly.
CONSTANT Back in line please.
YVONNE Sisterman Constant?
CONSTANT Yvonne. Back in Une, dear.
YVONNE They took my clothes. When do we get our uniforms? I wanted my Dad to see before I go.
ALLAN (*Incredulous*) She what? (*Laughing*) Oh, you'll get a uniform all right.⁴⁸
CONSTANT (*Awkward*) It's just a routine check-up, Yvonne. Just stay in Une. Heaven bless you now.
YVONNE Thank you, sisterman. (*She coughs as she moves away*)
ALLAN There's a sickly one.
CONSTANT Acute consumptive. I'd only give her two months if she didn't go for processing.
ALLAN (*Bitter*) We live in a pit, Constant. The dark times are getting darker. I must go.
Fade out.
CONSTANT Move on. Keep going. Bless you all.⁴⁹

36. COMMITTEE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

General debate going on. A melee of overlapping voices: 'The City is a drain on resources', 'We must survive', 'Shut down the City', 'All resources must be processed', 'All threats to efficiency must be eliminated', 'Zheng must be summoned'. Bedeep, bedeep of processing data cuts the voices. Beat.

COMMITTEE CHORUS Agreed. No more dissension will be tolerated. The Police will apprehend the stranger. If he resists, he will be destroyed.
Bedeep of incoming data.

COMMITTEE VOICE 1 Incoming Communication from Surface Commander Zheng.

Several voices echo 'Zheng' around the chamber.

ZHENG (*A powerful cyber-voice*) Mondas is entering the region of unstable space in advance of estimated time. Request to implement omerngency strategy immediately.

A new emergency alarm sounds.
 COMMITTEE VOICE 2 Summon Doorman Allan.
 COMMITTEE VOICE 1 Allan has left the Palace.
 COMMITTEE VOICE 2 She is no longer reliable. Delay emergency
 strategy. Summon Commander Zheng from the surface.
 Again several voices intone 'Zheng'. Bedeep, bedeep...
 COMMITTEE CHORUS Zheng will restore order.

37. THOMAS DODD'S 'SHOP'.

DODD and DAD HARTLEY are arguing.

DODD I don't care, Mr Hartley. I don't keep a slate.
DAD (*Desperate*) Come on, Dodd. My arm's a bit dodgy, but it'll mend. The rest of me's fine.
DODD Apart from the heart box.
DAD I'm giving you everything, for God's sake. As security. You gave us credit when my wife passed away.
DODD I never speak ill of the departed. Your Mabel was quality and that's a fact. She did well for me.
DAD But *I'm* shop-soiled. I've got a lad to feed. My wife and daughter gone.
The shop door opens tinkling the bell.
DOCTOR Good morning.
DODD/DAD Back of the queue!
DAD What d'you say, Dodd? Please.
DODD (*Very final*) No credit! Finito!
DAD (*Crushed*) Nothing then... Nothing left.
DOCTOR Sorry to intrude, but...
DODD I said, back of the queue.
DOCTOR Which queue exactly?
DODD (*Sudden recognition*) Doctor! It's you! Well, that makes all the difference.
DOCTOR Your queue went. Rather rapidly, once they heard about a beetroot truck spilling its load a couple of blocks away.⁵⁰
DODD Oh, very good. So what are you after now?
DAD (*Vague*) Doctor? You're a friend of young Nyssa?
DOCTOR Nyssa? Yes. (*Sudden realisation*) You must be Mr Hartley. You were very kind to her.
DAD She did a grand job on my chest box. She'll make a good doctor too.
DOCTOR Really?
DAD (*Confidential*) They're digging up the graveyards, you know. Glad I didn't put my wife in there.
DODD Thank you, Mr Hartley. The Doctor's here to see me.
He opens the tinkling door.
DOCTOR Yes, but...
DAD (*Going*) No, don't mind me. I'll be pushing off.
The door shuts. DODD pulls down the blind and throws a couple of bolts.
DOCTOR Is he all right?
DODD Scroungers. Always on the make. Your riot didn't turn out too well either.
DOCTOR No. But I don't give up. That wasn't really a beetroot

truck. The contents of the graveyard are now scattered right up the High Street for everyone to see. Oh, don't worry, I parked as far away from your shop as possible.

DODD Doctor, what do you want?

38. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

TARDIS hum. An alarm sounding. The walls are creaking slightly like the creak on board old sailing ships. A slight clattering can be heard from outside. FRANK and NYSSA under siege.

FRANK They're all over. They'll find any crack and dig their way in.

NYSSA The TARDIS's outer shell is built to stand up to far greater pressures than a swarm of Cybermats.

FRANK But we can't get out either.

NYSSA They must be after the energy flow.

FRANK They can smell it a mile off.

NYSSA (*Sudden worrying thought*) Frank. Did you shut the outer door when you came in?

FRANK Well... I dunno.

NYSSA Otherwise we're going to be overrun.

A *sudden burst of chittering.*

FRANK The door...

39. THOMAS DODD'S SHOP.

DODD and the DOCTOR.

DODD The Committee Palace? You must be joking.

DOCTOR I wish I was. I could do with a good laugh.

DODD It's a fortress. Those massive gates.

DOCTOR Gates are for opening. And I have to know how far they've gone.

DODD Who?

DOCTOR Your competition. The Committee. And while we're on the Subject of spare parts...

He pushes aside a chain curtain.

DODD Here. That's private. Come out of there.⁵¹

DODD pushes after the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR Oh, really, Thomas. I thought you'd have better storage facilities.

Heavy plastic rustles and metal hangers slide along rails.

DODD All vacuum packed for freshness. The real perishables are in the cold store. A full range of bodily organs, limbs - all sizes, colours and creeds.⁵²

DOCTOR Mothers frighten their children to sleep with tales of people like you.

In the background we hear the burble of the cybermat.

DODD It's business. Trouble is demand's on the slide. People, even people with terminal injuries and blood running across the floor, all they want is titanium and plastic.⁵³ They think it'll last.

DOCTOR It's durable.

He opens the fridge. Whump of the seal. Slight hiss of escaping cold.

DODD I think it's just plain ugly. Some have so much it drives them crazy.⁵⁴ So they have their emotions surgically removed too. We all want immortality, don't we? But with a chrome finish?

DOCTOR This cold store needs defrosting.

DODD Course what I need is fresh supplies. And then you came along...

DOCTOR Now just a minute...

DODD Well, that's too good to waste.

DOCTOR Thomas!

With a roar, THOMAS slams the fridge door shut. We hear the DOCTOR pounding on the inside of the fridge.

DODD Sorry, Doctor. I just froze your assets.

40. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

TARDIS hum. Alarm sounding. From the door comes scrabbling and chittering.

FRANK They're trying to get through the door!

NYSSA If they're after the energy...

FRANK Then shut it off, why don't you! (Beat) Go on!

NYSSA No. If they want the energy, then we should give it to them.

FRANK What?

NYSSA starts to flick switches.

NYSSA It's what killed the other one.

FRANK Oh, right. That's what Dad does.⁵⁵ Like the Cheeser.

NYSSA (Forcing a dial round) If I can just... re-route the power to the TARDIS's outer shell.

She flicks more switches. A burst of chittering. The door creaks alarmingly.

FRANK Hurry!

NYSSA All right. Stand clear.

She plunges a lever forward. A violent crackling buzz of energy. We hear the cybermats screaming and frying. The alarm stops. NYSSA releases the lever. The TARDIS hum steadies.

FRANK It worked. Amazing.

NYSSA Not really. But it was worryingly satisfying.

FRANK Yeah? (Beat) Are we going now?

NYSSA We can't wait for the Doctor. I'll get some food. Then we'll go and find your poor father.

41. COMMITTEE PALACE - PROCESSING UNIT.

YVONNE is inside the processing unit. Hum of an industrial conveyor belt. Machine sounds slide past as YVONNE is carried along. We are moving towards something that sounds like several of the big rotating saws in abattoirs - hi-tech laser scalpels which make terrible harsh sounds slicing through bone and flesh.

YVONNE (Weak and confused) Dad? Where are you? Please, I want to go home... Please. Dad?

The machinery halts. A deep building note of menace.
YVONNE (Fear) Who are you? What are you doing to me?

CYBERMAN You will join us. We are the future.
The machinery engages. The belt moves again.

YVONNE (*Petrified whisper - no screams*) No. Please, no. (*She fades off to side*) Please. Help. Help me.⁵⁶

The ghastly winding, grating of the scalpels drowns YVONNE out. (I think we should be spared the actual sawing through of bone at this point!)

42a. THE FRIDGE.

The DOCTOR shivering.

DOCTOR Ambient temperature minus eight degrees Celsius.
He rubs his hands and blows his nails.

DOCTOR Must keep moving. I'll never be facetious about a strawberry mivvie again.
A sluggish electronic beep.

DOCTOR Ah. My little cybermatic friend. Still in hot pursuit - I use the phrase advisedly. That'll teach you.
Another beep.

DOCTOR Well, too cold to wriggle, eh?
Beep.

DOCTOR Let's see how sensitive your defences really are. Before whoever sent you comes to collect.

42b. THOMAS DODD'S SHOP

Heavy banging at the door.

DODD All right, all right. Mind my door.
More bangs. The window smashes and the door clatters open. The bell tinkles down.

POLICEMAN Thomas Dodd? You are harbouring a stranger.

DODD You took your time. He put up quite a struggle.⁵⁷

POLICEMAN Where is he?

DODD Gone. Out the back like the proverbial whippets of yore.⁵⁸

POLICEMAN Search. Find the cold storage area.

His cohort moves in, knocking things over. Pushing through the chain curtain. Something smashes.

DODD Hang on! Where's your warrant?⁵⁹

The plastic-wrapped limbs are being pushed aside.

POLICEMAN Open this door.

DODD Leave that alone. It's highly specialised...

POLICEMAN Open it.

DODD Oh, no you don't...⁶⁰

The door seals gives. Hiss of escaping air.

DOCTOR Ahh. How do you do? I'm the... stranger. So take me to your

Cyberleader.

POLICEMAN Destroy him.

DOCTOR Sorry. Not yet!

The DOCTOR swings a load of metal sliding racks at the POLICEMAN. They collapse. He runs.

POLICEMAN (*Horribly calm*) Stop him. Stop him...

43. THE STREET.

The DOCTOR comes dashing up.

DOCTOR (Breathless) Never a tram when you want one. Which way? (Electronic snort of a horse) Ah.

The horse clops closer as the DOCTOR slams his pockets.

DOCTOR Clean out of sugar lumps. Hello... horse.

Snort again. The DOCTOR gasps as he's knocked sideways.

DOCTOR Out of fireworks too.

Fierce electronic whinny. The DOCTOR knocked down again.

DOCTOR (Winded) Temper. What's the matter? Bridle too tight? All those implants biting into your head and your limbs? You have a hard life.

More electronic snorts punctuate his words.

DOCTOR The whips are cruel, the feed's old and stale. The stable floor's hard under hoof. But if we get that bridle off, you can sleep properly. And dream. Dream like a real horse... wild, galloping where the ground's soft between the open sky and the sweet blowing grass. *Beat. Furious whinny. A thud sends the DOCTOR reeling into a clattering dustbin. He's trapped as the horse rears over him with a series of fierce shrieking neighs.*

ALLAN Stop! Captain! Call off your horse!

POLICEMAN Stand down. Stand away.
The horse stops its onslaught and withdraws a little.

ALLAN I'm taking charge of the prisoner.

POLICEMAN The Committee instructed us...

ALLAN (Fierce) I have powers to requisition prisoners for medical research. Escort him to my unit.

DOCTOR How do you do? I'm much obliged to you.

ALLAN Bring Dodd too. And have his filthy stock burnt. (Beat) Smile, Captain. It's a holiday.

DOCTOR He can barely manage a rictus grin. That's the trouble with too much plastic surgery.

ALLAN Really? Take him away.

44. THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM.

The Cybercanary tweeting. Rustle of tinsel.

DAD There we are.

The front door opens.

FRANK (From hall) Dad? We're back. I've brought Nyssa.

DAD Kettle's on, Frankie. What d'you reckon on the tree? Bit more tinsel? Happy holiday Nyssa.

NYSSA And to you. I brought you some provisions.⁶¹

DAD That's kind. I saw your friend. Seemed like an amiable chap.

NYSSA The Doctor?

DAD At Dodd's.

FRANK (Shocked) What were you doing there?

DAD Er... can't remember...

NYSSA Who's Dodd?

FRANK Bad news.

NYSSA Frank, I have to find the Doctor.
DAD (*Worried*) Ooh. Look, on the telly. What's that?
FRANK Dunno. Turn the sound up.
TV sound comes up with suitably heroic music.
COMMENTATOR (*Fading up*) ...first time we can show you these outfits. Designed to protect courageous workers against the extreme freezing conditions on the surface in the propulsion factories...
FRANK (*Over TV sound*) Surface? They're not on the surface yet.
COMMENTATOR (*Under family*)...Months of research have gone into the creation of these space-age marvels. Surgeon-General Doctorman Christine Allan, who designed the suits, is seen here being congratulated by Surface Commander Zheng...⁶²
DAD (*Over TV*) Blimey, look at him. Talk about extreme. Poor old Vonnie. She won't like wearing those.
NYSSA (*Horrified*) They're not protection suits. Those are fully processed Cybermen.
FRANK Who?
The kettle in the kitchen starts to whistle.
DAD Kettle's boiling.
The power pops off. The TV goes dead. The whistle dies. A distant boom like an explosion.
NYSSA What's happening!
DAD Oh. Power cut. Just when I got the lights up.
Another much louder boom carries into...

45. COMMITTEE PALACE - PROCESSING WARD.

The boom. Hum of power dies.

CONSTANT Emergency generators! Get the back-up generators running!
NURSE Sister! It's cut out in mid-programming!
Alarm bell rings.
NURSE That's the evacuation.
CONSTANT (*Formidable*) No one leaves! No one!
We hear the voices of Cybermen inarticulate and struggling.
CONSTANT Keep the recruits restrained. Their programming won't be complete!
A power surge builds... and dies again. The alarm stops.
CONSTANT No power.
A snap of breaking restraint belts. Several people scream.
CYRERMAN What is my task?
Something smashes. More belts snap. A babble of confused Cybermen - not in unified chorus.
CYRERMEN What is my task? I am required. I am required. What is my task? (*And so on...*)
CONSTANT Try to hold them back! Where's Doctorman Allan?
A wailing scream of agony starts in the distance, gathers, echoing on the Tannoys all around them. In the wailing, the word 'Zheng' can be discerned.
NURSE What is it?
CONSTANT (*Terrified*) The Committee.

46. THE CITY - ENTRANCE TO COMMITTEE PALACE.

Distant rumbling. Another boom. DODD and the DOCTOR being frog-marched along, accompanied by a POLICEMAN on horseback. Horse neighs.

DODD *(Breathless)* What is it? Ow, my ears...

DOCTOR The air pressure. Did you feel it drop?

DODD Thought the roof was coming in.

DOCTOR It may well do. What is it, officer? Are we under bombardment?

POLICEMAN Keep moving.

DODD It's too dark to see.

Another distant boom. The alarm inside can be heard.

DOCTOR That was away to the North.

Crowd of footsteps passing them.

POLICEMAN Proceed through the Committee Palace gates.

DODD I'm not going in there.

POLICEMAN Move on.

From ahead, to greet them, comes the wailing of the Committee. Gun shots can be heard too.

DOCTOR Sounds like your society's in its death throes.

Another boom - closer this time. Horse neighs again. Its hooves go all over.

DODD More like the end of the world.

DOCTOR You could be right. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe Mondas doesn't have a future after all.
Crash theme.

PART TREE.

46 (Cont.) THE CITY - ENTRANCE TO COMMITTEE PALACE.

Distant rumbling. Another distant boom. The alarm inside can be heard.

DOCTOR That was away to the North.

Crowds of footsteps passing them.

POLICEMAN Proceed through the Committee Palace gates.

DODD I'm not going in there.

POLICEMAN Move on.

From ahead, to greet them, comes the wailing of the committee. Gun shots can be heard too.

DOCTOR Sounds like your society's in its death throes.

Another boom - closer this time. Horse neighs again. Its hooves go all over.

DODD More like the end of the world.

DOCTOR You could be right. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe Mondas doesn't have a future after all.

Very large boom. The horse neighs. Debris falls around them. The

POLICEMAN yells in pain and falls from his mount.

DOCTOR Quick, while he's on the ground! Run!

DODD Not that way!

DOCTOR You think you're better off on the streets? Come on, inside the

Palace!

Another boom.

47. COMMITTEE PALACE - PROCESSING WARD.

Wailing of the committee slowly dies to nothing. The distant rumble continues. Constant and her staff are trying to keep the half-processed Cybermen in check.

CYBERMAN We have tasks to perform.

CONSTANT *(Spelling it out as if she's talking to a foreigner)* You must stay here until the power returns.

ALLAN *(Arriving)* Sisterman Constant? What's happening?

CONSTANT Oh, Doctorman Allan. Thank heaven.

ALLAN The City's in darkness. There were explosions... Why are these recruits here?

CYBERMAN Our tasks must be allocated.

ALLAN What?

CONSTANT *(Lowering voice)* The power went down during their logic programming. We've been trying to contain them, but at least one's wandered off. They don't understand.

ALLAN They wouldn't. They're barely out of processing.

CYBERMAN We do understand.

ALLAN *(Startled)* Do you?

CYBERMAN We are the future.

ALLAN *(Tentative)* Yes?

CYBERMAN We have tasks to perform. What are they?

ALLAN You must wait. Your programming is incomplete.

Waiting is your task.

CYBERMAN (*Beat*) We will wait.

ALLAN Good. Very good. (*Urgent whisper*) What about the Committee? Without power they'll die.

CONSTANT They went quiet. Everyone else fled. There's no word from the work crews on the surface. And we can't leave here.

ALLAN Then the Committee's in trouble.

CYBERMAN Our first imperative is to protect the Committee. Where is the Committee? We must protect the Committee.

ALLAN Your task is to wait.

CYBERMAN We have waited. If you threaten the Committee, we must destroy you.

48. COMMITTEE PALACE - ANTECHAMBER.

Another more distant boom. The DOCTOR and DODD's voices echo in the huge room.

DOCTOR All clear, Thomas.

DODD The place is deserted.

DOCTOR Getting nippy too. Frost flowers on the windows. This must have been a fine palace once, before it crumbled into baroque decay. *Another distant boom.*

DODD Yeah, well, I know it had a famous wine cellar.⁶³ I could do with a drink right now. Are we under attack?

DOCTOR Worse. The outside's getting in. The energy fields of a local nebula are playing merry hell with the integrity of the City's sealed biosphere.

DODD Safer in here, then.⁶⁴

DOCTOR Depends what's in here with us.

Beat.

DODD You reckon these statues are solid gold?

DOCTOR (*Sigh*) I give up. No, they're probably goldleaf. (*He starts scratching one*) There. See? It just flakes off.

DODD Oil What about the market value?

DOCTOR What market? (*Carries on scratching*) It's the last place I'd expect to find so much gold. Still, this could be a prudent investment. (*Beat*) So what did happen to your decadent rulers?

DODD Chop, chop, chop.

DOCTOR (*Still scraping*) Victims of the People's Committee, I take it. And where are the champions of the Proletariat? I want to see the Committee for myself.

DODD No one sees the Committee.

DOCTOR I wonder why?

A door bangs open at the far end of the room. CYBERVONNE (in fact it's processed YVONNE) approaches.

DOCTOR (*Urgent hiss*) Hide!

CYBERVONNE (*Distant*) What are my tasks?

DODD (*Disbelief*) What is it?⁶⁵

DOCTOR Get down, Thomas.

CYBERVONNE (*Approaching*) Clarify my directives!

DODD It's horrible!

DOCTOR Dodd!

CYBERVONNE You!

DOCTOR Too late. Yes? How can I help you?
DODD (*Shocked*) What Is that thing?
CYBERVONNE What are my tasks? I must know my tasks.
DOCTOR Your tasks? Don't you know?
CYBERVONNE (*Closer*) You must tell me. I must know.
DODD Don't you look at me!
DOCTOR What purpose were you created for?
CYBERVONNE (*Stuttering*) I... I do not know.⁶⁶
DODD Horrible thing! Horrible cloth face!
CYBERVONNE Am I horrible?
DODD Bloody horrible!
DOCTOR Thomas!
CYBERVONNE I do not know this.
DODD It's all spare parts. All implants. Nothing human left!⁶⁷
DOCTOR Who were you? Do you remember?
CYBERVONNE I am... I... am...
DOCTOR Yes?
CYBERVONNE Father must see my uniform. Father... North District Block Nine. (*Moving away*) Apartment Thirty One.
DOCTOR Appalling waste.
DODD Is that what they're doing in here?
DOCTOR So even you're shocked, Thomas. That's good.
DODD Disgusting. Stank of antiseptic.⁶⁸
DOCTOR They've always done that.
DODD Male or female? Couldn't even tell.⁶⁹
DOCTOR Primitive. Genderless. Confused. And still cabled up. Must have been fresh from processing.
DODD How do you know?
DOCTOR It's your destiny, Thomas. It was a Cyberman.

49. THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR.

NYSSA, FRANK and DAD staring out into the dark street. A wind is moaning gently.

NYSSA It's snowing.
DAD Snow? But that's weather. We don't have weather anymore, Nyssa. That's what they'd've called a blizzard, years ago.
NYSSA There must be a breach in the cavern roof. How deep below the frozen surface are we?⁷⁰
FRANK They were tunnelling for the surface.⁷¹ In those suited-up things we saw on the telly.
NYSSA The Cybermen.
FRANK Maybe *they* caused this...
DAD Beautiful, ain't it?⁷² Just in time for the holiday. All the tiny flakes catching in the torchlight.
FRANK Dad, we're wasting the torch. Come in. You'll freeze.
The door closes, cutting out the wind.
NYSSA I must find the Doctor. He'll do something.
FRANK About the weather?
DAD It's getting worse. You'll not even get across the street to the phone booth in this.⁷³
NYSSA I *must* go. The streets could soon be impassable.

FRANK I'll find you a coat.
DAD You're daft, both of you. I'm putting the kettle on.
FRANK Dad...
DAD Oh, right. No power. No tea. I reckon our Vonnie's better off up there in barracks.

50. COMMITTEE PALACE - PROCESSING WARD.

ALLAN, CONSTANT and staff surrounded by CYBERMEN.

ALLAN Let us out. We have to reach the Committee Chamber.
CYRERMAN Doctorman Allan, we are protecting the Committee.
CONSTANT (*Angry*) You're nowhere near the Committee!
CYRERMAN Displays of emotional weakness are impractical.
ALLAN The Committee will be dead if you don't release us! And the City too. (*Beat*) I'm going to try and get the generators restarted.⁷⁴
Beat.
CYRERMAN Agreed. One of us will escort you.
ALLAN He doesn't trust me.
CONSTANT (*Muttering*) Don't argue, doctorman. I'll keep the others busy.
Beat.
ALLAN (*Genuine concern*) Be careful, Constant.
CONSTANT Heaven bless you. Here, take my scarf. And hurry, before we all freeze to death.

51. COMMITTEE PALACE - CORRIDOR.

The DOCTOR and DODD searching rooms. Door opens.

DODD Nothing in here. I think we're lost, Doctor.
DOCTOR (*Distant*) Thomas, you'd better come and see.
DODD Strewth, it's cold. Even my icicles've got icic... (*Beat*) BUmey, what are those...?
DOCTOR Racks of body containment suits for Cybermen. All ready for processing on an industrial scale. Things are more advanced than I expected.
DODD See what state-funding does? That's me out of business. See you later, Doctor!⁷⁵
DOCTOR Thomas! Come back!
DODD (*Moving away*) No, I've had enough. I'm going home, away from this... this place!
DOCTOR Thomas!
A distant door sounds. ALLAN and her CYBERMAN approach.
CYRERMAN Which way are the generators?
ALLAN You have a new task. Stay here and guard the way. It's quicker if I work alone.
CYRERMAN I must escort you.
ALLAN My arm! (*In pain*) Let go!
CYRERMAN I must escort you.
DOCTOR Let her go!
ALLAN Doctor?
DOCTOR Stand down. I warn you, I'm armed!
CYRERMAN You are interfering with my task.

DOCTOR Am I? Have some goldleaf.
He puffs it at the CYBEKMEN.

ALLAN (*Incredulous*) What are you doing?
Beat.

DOCTOR Well? Well, go on. Choke and fall over.

CYBERMAN Is this a threat?

DOCTOR Apparently not. My apologies.

CYBERMAN This is a threat.
The DOCTOR cries out as the CYBERMAN grabs his throat.

CYBERMAN All threats must be annulled.

DOCTOR (*Choking*) I came to help!

ALLAN Get away from him!

CYBERMAN All threats must be annulled.

DOCTOR City... in danger...⁷⁶

ALLAN I said, let him go!⁷⁷
The DOCTOR gives a strangulated croak.

ALLAN Do as you're told!
Electric buzz. The CYBERMAN cries out and collapses.

DOCTOR (*Gasping*) Thank you.

ALLAN (*In shock*) I had to abort him. He'd have killed you. I don't take these decisions lightly.

DOCTOR No doctor does. But how did you...?

ALLAN Failsafe override. It only works during processing.

DOCTOR So the processing was incomplete. (*Alarm*) Careful!

ALLAN I'm closing his eyes. He was a human being too. Barely reborn.

DOCTOR It's a Cyberman. The human part is debatable. How many more are there like it?

ALLAN I have to restore the power generators. (*Beat*) Where's your police guard?

DOCTOR Hit by falling rubble. I came in voluntarily. If you'll trust me, I can help.

ALLAN (*Beat*) I don't trust you. But I've no choice, have I? This way...

52. CITY STREET.

NYSSA and FRANK outside the TARDIS. The wind moaning. NYSSA is banging on the door. Both are bitterly cold.

NYSSA Doctor! Let us into the TARDIS! It's freezing out here!
Beat.

FRANK Not there, is he?

NYSSA No.

FRANK So now what?

NYSSA The Committee Palace. If that's the centre of things, that's where the Doctor would head for.

FRANK That's where Yvonne went.

NYSSA Then we can find her too. How far is it?

FRANK It's dark. We can cut across the square by the holiday tree.

NYSSA (*Sharp*) Frank, put the torch out!

FRANK What?

NYSSA Lights. Coming this way.
FRANK It's the police.
NYSSA On those horse things. We'll never get past them.
FRANK Right. Back home. We'll pick up more batteries, and try the other way round.

53. COMMITTEE PALACE - GENERATOR PLANT.

Heavy creaking door. The DOCTOR and ALLAN. Their footsteps sound on the stone floor.

ALLAN In here. This is the generator chamber.
DOCTOR Impressive. You're producing energy on a vast scale.
ALLAN When it's working.
DOCTOR Geothermal power, yes? Dry steam to drive the turbines, pumped up from the centre of the planet. You could power a hundred cities with this.
ALLAN tears off a sheet of paper.
ALLAN These print outs. Every failsafe has activated.
DOCTOR Let's see. *(Studying)* Oh, yes. Someone's been making huge demands on the power. It's blown every fuse.
ALLAN *(Despair)* I'm not an electrorman. I'd hoped to just throw a switch and get the power on again.
DOCTOR Time's already running out. Your planet's errant path is wandering into the region of the Cherrybowl Nebula.
ALLAN How can you know that?
DOCTOR Space-farers avoid it like the plague. It's a crucible of unstable primal energy. And it'll rip this planet apart if you go too close.⁷⁸ The turbulence has already punctured the sealed biosphere of the City.
ALLAN Who exactly are you?
DOCTOR I want to help. For the sake of the people freezing outside.
ALLAN And the Committee.
DOCTOR I didn't think Cybermen allowed committees.
ALLAN It'll die if I don't get its power back on.
DOCTOR It? You mean, one entity?
ALLAN We'll *all* be dead without it!
DOCTOR So where is it? *(Sets off)* What's in here?
ALLAN No!
He pushes the door straight through to Scene 54.

54. COMMITTEE CHAMBER.

Footsteps echo in the huge empty chamber. Very resonant.

DOCTOR *(Flat)* Empty...
ALLAN I told you to stay out.
DOCTOR No one sees the Committee. Is this why? *(Shouts)* Hello!
It echoes around.
ALLAN You have no right.
DOCTOR The secret's out, Doctor Allan. Your Committee's a sham. It doesn't exist. The rotten apple has no core. *Clang of metal plates. A rumbling.*
DOCTOR What's that?
ALLAN It's alive. The Committee. It's still alive!

55. COMMITTEE PALACE - PROCESSING WARD.

CONSTANT and the semi-processed CYBERMEN.

CYBERMAN Sisterman, we can wait no longer.

CONSTANT Give Doctorman Allan time.

CYBERMAN Stay where you are.

CONSTANT Unlike you, I'm not resistant to cold. I need food and the toilets. And warmer clothes.

CYBERMAN That is weakness. You should become like us.

CONSTANT You were chosen for a purpose. I still have a choice.

The Cybercrows starts to mumble, 'Purpose? She knows our purpose? She must tell us.'

CYBERMAN If you know our purpose and our tasks, you must tell us.

CONSTANT I don't know!

CYBERMAN It is imperative.

CONSTANT cries out in pain.

CYBERMAN We must know.

CONSTANT is gasping in agony. A door crashes open. COMMANDER ZHENG and his squad have arrived. ZHENG'S voice is darker. He emanates power.

ZHENG Stand away. I am Cybercommander Zheng. My squad is assuming control here. Release the Sisterman.

CYBERMAN Data is being withheld. We must access the information.

ZHENG Release the Sisterman.

A laser bolt. The CYBERMAN collapses with a groan.

CONSTANT *(In some pain)* How dare you bring violence into the wards! Every life is precious here.

CYBERMEN *(Variously)* Data is being withheld

We protect the Committee

We have no other directives.

ZHENG Return to your tasks.

CONSTANT They're recruits. The power cut out before their programming was complete. They know no better.

ZHENG *(To his CYBERMEN)* Squad. Escort these recruits back to the processing section.

Movement as the Cyberguards shepherd the recruits away.

ZHENG Sisterman Constant, you are hurt?

CONSTANT I'm fine. I must see to my other patients.

ZHENG I was summoned from the surface. Lack of power disabled my transporter. I must report to the Committee.

CONSTANT What's happened? Are we under attack?

ZHENG That is secure information. Why has the power not been restored?

CONSTANT All the other staff have gone. It's chaos here.

ZHENG Cybermen would not desert their posts. Is the Committee secure?

CONSTANT Doctor Allan is trying to reach them.

ZHENG You are damaged.

CONSTANT My shoulder. It's nothing. Ow! Let go!

ZHENG The scapula is fractured.

CONSTANT *(In great pain)* I said, it's nothing! What about the Innocent recruit you shot?

ZHENG He will be taken for reassembly. So will you. *(To his minions)* Take them both.

CONSTANT Take your hands off me! *(Being dragged off)* No! I will not go.⁷⁹ I will not go!

ZHENG Resistance will not be tolerated.

SCENE 56. COMMITTEE CHAMBER.

Iron plates clang. An edifice rumbles and clanks near. An iron lung heaves slowly up and down. Chains rattle. Feed pipes gurgle.

DOCTOR *(Appalled)* Is this your Committee? A primitive many-headed cybernetic hydra?

ALLAN It's still alive. Running on vestigial power.

DOCTOR It's obscene! It's devouring every resource you have. No wonder the City's still stuck in the nineteen-fifties.

ALLAN Twenty of our greatest minds joined as one to descry clear solutions to our problems.⁸⁰ *(To Committee)* It's Doctorman Allan. Can you hear me?

DOCTOR Pontificating like some monstrous tinpot Solomon. You still think of them as human, don't you?

ALLAN Help me get the power back on.

DOCTOR Look at it. Is that human? Swollen heads wired into the system; disregarded bodies withering like rotten fruit. If I chop off one head, do two more sprout in its place? You know where it'll lead, don't you?

The door slams open. ZHENG enters.

ZHENG Doctorman Allan? Why is the power not restored?

ALLAN *(Brusque to mask her fear)* Cybercommander Zheng. The Committee is still alive.

ZHENG And?

ALLAN The failsafes prevented any serious damage.

DOCTOR More's the pity.

ZHENG Who is this? Give his name.

ALLAN *(Unsure)* He's...

DOCTOR How do you do? I'm the doctorman's assistant.

ALLAN My what?

DOCTOR Every doctor should have one.

ZHENG Name?

DOCTOR And I'm here to restore the generators. No one else has the know-how.

ZHENG Is this true?

Beat.

COMMITTEE CHORUS *(Feeble whisper)* Doctorman Allan...

ALLAN *(Relief)* Yes... I hear you... Are you sale?

COMMITTEE CHORUS The processing. Have you... found a solution?

ALLAN We're doing all we can.

COMMITTEE CHORUS Utmost... priority. Little time... left. Restore the power.

ALLAN We're working on it. Come on, Doctor.

ZHENG Doctor?

COMMITTEE CHORUS Zheng... Report the status... on the surface... Zheng...

ALLAN (Muttering) Come on.
DOCTOR Don't you want to hear?
ZHENG Storm radiation intensity has increased two hundred and thirty per cent. Endurance levels have been met. Final tests on the propulsion system were curtailed by the power loss.
DOCTOR A propulsion system. For the planet I assume.
ALLAN Doctor, come away.
They go through the doors. Straight into Scene 57.

57. GENERATOR PLANT.

DOCTOR (Excited) That's the reason, isn't it? You've built a propulsion system on the surface. But conditions are so severe up there, only workers with fully augmented bodies can survive. That's why you created the Cybermen.
ALLAN And now those conditions are extending into the City.
DOCTOR So no power; no people; no anything.
ALLAN And Mondas will soon be a dead world.

58. STREET OUTSIDE THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT.

NYSSA and FRANK at the front door. The wind moans.

NYSSA (Shivering) Surely it can't get colder.
FRANK The lock's frozen.
He pummels the door.
FRANK Dad! Dad, it's us! Open up!
Distant clattering - hundreds of Cybermats approaching.
NYSSA Something's coming!
FRANK Dad! Let us in!
He bangs the door again. The clattering is much closer.
NYSSA Cybermats! Hundreds of them!⁸¹
FRANK They're swarming. Dad!
The door opens.
DAD Steady on. Remember the neighbours.
FRANK (As he and NYSSA barge past) Shut the door!
DAD Flaming heck! Where's my cheeser and traps?
A moment as they watch the mass swarming past.
NYSSA They're not interested in us.
DAD Something's spooked them.
The chittering fades. But now we hear the distant voice of a Gyberman in pursuit. (It's CYBERVONNE, distressed and making inarticulate urk-arg noises.)
FRANK Look!
NYSSA It's a Cyberman!
FRANK Get inside!
The door slams. We're inside too. We hear the urk-arging approach and stop outside.
FRANK It'll go past. It didn't see us.
The wood panelling smashes. CYBERVONNE makes arg cries.
DAD Get back!

59. COMMITTEE PALACE - GENERATOR ROOM.

DOCTOR ALLAN and the DOCTOR working.

ALLAN Doctor? What's it like under there?

The DOCTOR pulls himself out from under a unit.

DOCTOR The traction routes are burnt right out. I'm going to try and close the circuits manually.

ALLAN Then the pumps will start to feed the heat exchangers again.

DOCTOR Pass me that rod. I'll have to try to use brute force.

ALLAN lifts a heavy metal object.

ALLAN Here.

DOCTOR *(Exerting pressure)* This is only temporary, you realise.

ALLAN Yes.

A loud clunk as the circuit closes.

DOCTOR That's the first one closed. But the only real solution is to pull Mondas's course away from the nebula.

ZHENG The propulsion system on the surface is the Committee's prime objective.

DOCTOR Ah, Commander Zheng. Back from your pow wow?

ZHENG Continue with your work.

DOCTOR *(Exerting pressure again)* I knew these generators supplied more than the City. *(Another clunk)* Second circuit closed. Eight to go.

ZHENG Doctorman Allan, this man is an alien intruder.

ALLAN Yes, but I've requisitioned him. So hands off.

ZHENG How did he enter the City?

ALLAN I don't care. He's helping us.

DOCTOR Excuse me. Just how complete is the propulsion system?

Completely complete? Or only a bit?

ZHENG It is complete.

DOCTOR So why...?

ALLAN The number of engineers is limited, Doctor. It involves colossal energies...

DOCTOR And only Cyberprocessed workers can undertake the task. *(Exerts pressure)* What's the survival rate?

ZHENG That is not your concern.

Clunk.

ALLAN *(Ashamed)* It's nineteen per cent.

DOCTOR So you keep processing more and more innocent people.

ALLAN Without the Cybermen, we cannot survive.⁸² They are our saviours.

DOCTOR Him? A saviour? You're trapped, all of you! *(Exerts pressure again)* Your future... is inescapable.

ZHENG We are the future.

DOCTOR Exactly. *(Another clunk)* Pour down. Six nails in the coffin to go.

60. THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT.

A splintering of wood as CYBERVONNE forces her way in.

DAD Get back. It's coming through!

The door crashes open.
FRANK Look out, Nyssa!
DAD It's half crazy. What's it want? Leave us alone, you!
CYBERVONNE *gives a low moaning wail.*
FRANK It's one of those surface crewmen.
NYSSA It's a Cyberman.
A *moment's silence.* **Then** **CYBERVONNE** *moans again.*
DAD Sounds distressed to me.⁸³
NYSSA It can't be. They have no feelings.
DAD Let's have a look.
FRANK Careful, Dad!
NYSSA Keep back.
DAD *(Gently)* Now then in there, what's all the fuss?
CYBERVONNE *(Trying to articulate)* Da... D...a...
DAD What's that?
CYBERVONNE D.. D... *(Long drawn out)* Daaaad.
DAD *moans.*
FRANK Oh, no...
CYBERVONNE Daaaad...
DAD *(Stunned)* Yvonne? Is that you? What have they done to you? I can't see your face. And they've made you so tall. Oh, my little Vonnie... Let's get this horrid mask off...
As he tries to do so, CYBERVONNE cries out in anger and brings down a hefty cyberchop on something that smashes violently.

61. GENERATOR ROOM.

The DOCTOR, ALLAN and ZHENG. Clunk as circuit closes.

DOCTOR Two circuits left.
ALLAN Keep going, Doctor.
DOCTOR And what happens when I've got the power back up?
ZHENG The Committee will restore order.
DOCTOR Oh, no. First power goes down to the City.
ZHENG The Committee will be first.
ALLAN The Doctor's right, Zheng.
DOCTOR Agree, Commander. Or I'll smash every logic junction *(exerts pressure)* and circuit in the place. *(The circuit clunks closed)* One more to go. Or not. It's up to you.
ALLAN Zheng. The City must come first. You must agree, Commander!
Beat.
COMMITTEE **CHORUS** *(Hoarse whisper)* It is... agreed.
DOCTOR Ah, your master's voice, Zheng. Agree to everything now!
COMMITTEE **CHORUS** The City comes... first.
ALLAN Thank you.⁸⁴
DOCTOR Right. Once this is closed you can throw the power switch.
He tries effortfully to lever the circuit closed.
ALLAN What is it?
DOCTOR *(Struggling)* It's jammed! Hang on. If I can force them together... *(He exerts repeated pressure)*
ALLAN Zheng! Don't touch the switch!
ZHENG *throws the switch. A fierce electrical crack and buzz as the*

DOCTOR takes the full force of the current. His scream of agony is thrown right across the speakers. The circuit clunks shut. A hum of returning power rises. ALLAN runs to the DOCTOR.

ALLAN Doctor!

ZHENG Circuit completed.

COMMITTEE CHORUS (Full strength) Power restored.

ALLAN Zheng, you've killed him! He's dead!

ZHENG Do we continue?

COMMITTEE CHORUS We continue.

62. THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM.

DAD, FRANK and NYSSA trying to cope with CYBERVONNE. Another crash as CYBERVONNE flails around.

DAD Vonnie!

NYSSA Try to hold her!

FRANK Look out!

Another crash.

The hum of returning power.

NYSSA The power. It's back on.

We hear the canary again. CYBERVONNE has stopped in her tracks.

CYBERVONNE (Staccato) Ah... ah... ah...

DAD The bird... Vonnie's little Trillerby...

CYBERVONNE Ah... ah (etc...)

NYSSA The lights on the tree. She's fascinated by them.

FRANK That's my sister. What have they done to her?

DAD (Very gentle) Come on, love. Let's look at the tree. That's right. Ooh, your hands are frozen.

FRANK It's horrible. Is that really her?

DAD Now remember what it all means, eh? Our dear old, scraggy old tree stands for the forests that once covered the surface of the world. The lights are the stars above the stone sky. And the baubles are the worlds we pass, winding our long journey through them like the tinsel.

CYBERVONNE Ss.. ss.. star.

DAD And the star on top. That's the old sun we left behind and one day we'll get back to.

CYBERVONNE gives a whining moan.

DAD Look, love. Here's our Frank.

FRANK (Awkward) Hello, big sis... Love you.

DAD And here's Nyssa too.

NYSSA Hello, Yvonne.

FRANK (Choked) She doesn't even know me.

The canary continues its singing. CYBERVONNE sobs.

DAD No, don't cry, love.⁸⁵ Don't cry. We're all back together now. Like a proper family.

63. COMMITTEE PALACE - PROCESSING WARD.

Burble of electronic data as the Cyber-recruits' programming resumes. SISTERMAN CONSTANT lies on the processing conveyor belt. A CYBERMAN is in attendance.

CONSTANT (*Woozy*) What's happening?

CYBERMAN The power has been restored, Sisterman. The recruits' programming is completing automatically.

CONSTANT (*Realisation*) I'm on the processing conveyor. Get me down off here.

CYBERMAN Commander Zheng instructed that you were to be processed immediately.

CONSTANT No! I'm a Selector. You need me to help the recruits! I have tasks to perform.

CYBERMAN Your tasks will be clearer after processing.
Whirring hum as the conveyor starts up.

CONSTANT No. You can't! (*She starts to move away from us*) Stop this! Stop this now! I'm a Selector...

The terrible whirr of the laser scalpels drowns her out.

64. COMMITTEE BUILDING - COMMITTEE ROOM/GENERATOR PLANT.

Hum of turbines. The iron lung.

COMMITTEE CHORUS The Committee is restored. Testing of the propulsion system must resume immediately. (*Start to pull back to the generator plant perspective*) Reports on the City environment must be assessed.

Distant bedeps of incoming data. The DOCTOR slowly regains consciousness. ALLAN is with him. She's very calm.

DOCTOR (*Very woozy*) Nyssa. I must find Nyssa.

ALLAN (*Amazed*) Doctor?

DOCTOR Who's that?

ALLAN It's Doctorman Allan. Lie still now.

COMMITTEE CHORUS You will oversee the processing, Zheng. Doctorman Allan will answer to you.

DOCTOR Allan?

ALLAN Just rest, Doctor.

DOCTOR Yes... (*Drifting off*) Thank you.

ZHENG (*Returning*) Doctorman Allan.

ALLAN Zheng, help me with him.

ZHENG Why?

ALLAN (*Calm, still*) Look at him. The Doctor took the force of the entire power supply, but he's still alive. He's hardly burned.⁸⁶ Even you couldn't do that.

ZHENG High resilience.

ALLAN Don't you understand? This is incredible. I need a full corporeal diagnostic. If his physiology can stand up to that shock, he could be the answer to our prayers.

65. THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM.

DAD, NYSSA, FRANK and CYBERVONNE. The burble of programming. The canary tweeting.

DAD Vonnie, love? Why's she not moving?

NYSSA Some sort of seizure.

DAD Catch her...

Crash as CYBER VONNE keels over.

FRANK Yvonne!

CYBERVONNE thrashes and gurgles.

DAD It's alright, love. We're here.

NYSSA She's receiving radio signals.

CYBERVONNE (*Distorting*) Fraaaaank. Daaaad...

A little gushing hiss that fades to nothing.

DAD Vonnie... Vonnie, love.

He gasps and falls over her body. The bird goes on tweeting.

66. COMMITTEE BUILDING - PROCESSING WARD.

The burble of programming. ALLAN and ZHENG arrive, pushing the DOCTOR on a gurney. He is groaning occasionally.

ALLAN Zheng, put the Doctor under the corporeal scanner.

ZHENG I will return to the processing area. More recruits must be processed.

ALLAN This is more important!

A gurney slides into place.

DOCTOR (*Muttering*) Must reach Nyssa. Where is she?

ALLAN beeps a few scientific sounding buttons. A machine starts to hum.

ALLAN Good. Now where's Constant?

ZHENG (*Burble as he receives information*) The Sisterman has been sent for processing.

ALLAN (*Gasps. It's a body blow*) No...

ZHENG As I instructed. She was injured.

ALLAN Constant... (*Rage*) Won't we ever learn? Cold logic is no substitute for... Oh, what's the point!⁸⁷

ZHENG Doctor Allan. Observe these scans.

67. STREET OUTSIDE THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT.

The wind moans gently. A crowd are talking quietly all around. NYSSA emerges looking for FRANK.

NYSSA (*Gentle*) Frank? Come inside. You haven't a coat. And your father's asking for you. (*Beat*) What's everyone staring at?

FRANK Look down to the north.

NYSSA Where? It's getting foggy.

FRANK At the City roof.

NYSSA (*Squinting*) The glare of the street lights... It's like a huge waterfall. Frozen, streaming with mist.⁸⁸

FRANK It's broken through. The frozen atmosphere. It's pouring down on the hydrohouses.

NYSSA Where they grow all the crops?

FRANK (*Upset*) Where Yvonne works... worked. You know what it means?

NYSSA I can guess.

FRANK If we don't freeze, we'll starve anyway.

68. CITY PALACE - PROCESSING WARD.

The DOCTOR, lying on the scanner gurney, gets a visit from THOMAS DODD.

DOCTOR (*Half awake*) Why didn't I stay in the TARDIS?

DODD Psst... Hallo, Doctor.

DOCTOR (*Startled*) Thomas Dodd? (*Woozy*) I seem to be in hospital. Have you brought me some grapes? (*Beat*) I thought you went home?

DODD Ah, yes. Well... Couldn't get out for guards.⁸⁹ They've been giving you a right going over.

DOCTOR (*Groans*) Must get up. (*He tries and fails*) Ugh. No energy. Where's Doctorman Allan?

DODD She and that Cyberthing went belting off. In a right froth about something.

DOCTOR About me?

DODD Maybe. You know they've got production lines that'll churn out those things by the tram load.⁹⁰

DOCTOR Do me a favour, Thomas. The Hartley family.

DODD Those scroungers. What about them?⁹¹

DOCTOR My friend Nyssa may be with them. I need to get a message to her. Could you deliver it?

DODD Speak to them yourself on the ward phone. I'll wheel it over.⁹² (*He does so under the next line*)

DOCTOR I don't have their number to ring.

DODD Ah, but I never forget the number of a creditor.

DOCTOR (*Sarcastic*) You're so very kind.

DODD I know. So, what do I get in return? I'm going to need some new stock now...⁹³

69. THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT.

NYSSA Frank. I'm truly sorry...

FRANK What do you know? Who have you ever lost?

NYSSA Yvonne was very kind to me. If only we could reach the Doctor...

FRANK Just shut up about the bloody Doctor! We'll all be frozen soon. And my sister... she's better off out of it!

Old-fashioned telephone ring. After a couple of rings, FRANK answers it.

FRANK Nyssa? For you.

NYSSA Me? Thank you. Hello?

DOCTOR (*Over phone*) Nyssa?

NYSSA Doctor. Where are you? Are you alright?

DOCTOR I'm in the Committee Palace. Listen, I've no more change. I need you to bring some things for me. Can you manage that?

NYSSA Doctor...

DOCTOR Look in the TARDIS workshop. You'll find a brown satchel. And if you've room, there's a sonic ioniser too. And I could...

NYSSA Doctor, I can't get them. I don't have the TARDIS key.
(*Beat*) Doctor?

DOCTOR Thank you, Nyssa. I'll think of something else. I'll call back la -

The phone is cut off as a Cyberhorse whinnies from a few feet away.

POLICEMAN You are the other stranger. Come with me.

70. PROCESSING WARD.

DOCTOR Nyssa? Can you hear me? Nyssa? (*Puts phone down*)
Something's happened.

ALLAN That's right, Doctor.

DOCTOR Ah.

DODD (*Scared*) Doctorman Allan.

ALLAN Thomas Dodd.

DODD I just ducked in out of the cold.

ZHENG Take this one for processing.

DODD Get your hands off! Get off me!

DOCTOR Let him go!

DODD (*Fading*) His heart! He promised me one of his hearts!

DOCTOR I said, let him go! (*ZHENG grabs him and he gasps*)

ZHENG Be silent.

ALLAN Zheng, be careful. The Doctor's more precious than he knows.

DOCTOR Am I? That sounds ominous.
Bing bong announces the committee.

COMMITTEE CHORUS How can this alien intruder help us?

DOCTOR Ah, so we're not alone.

ALLAN These are the scans of the Doctor's physiology.

COMMITTEE SUBCHORUS 1 What does this teach us?

COMMITTEE SUBCHORUS 2 He has a secondary cardiovascular system.
What value is that?

DOCTOR None. None at all.

ALLAN But look here. At the base of the cranium. There's a smaller tertiary lobe to the brain.

COMMITTEE SUBCHORUS 1 Meaning?

ALLAN It deals with all bodily and motor functions.

COMMITTEE SUBCHORUS 2 Allowing other parts of the brain to optimise all calculation and data assessment.

ALLAN Exactly.

DOCTOR That's no good to you. I'm not human. Unclean and unfit.

COMMITTEE SUBCHORUS 2 This is the final link.

ALLAN I can reproduce this system in all future Cyberprocessing.
Base our entire project on him.

DOCTOR What?

ALLAN No more needless organ rejection and failure.
Bedeep bedEEP of data analysis.

FULL COMMITTEE CHORUS Agreed. Begin work immediately.

DOCTOR No! I will not be the template for your monstrous parodies of humankind!

ALLAN But Doctor, you've saved us all.

DOCTOR No one's saved!

COMMITTEE CHORUS Summon the people. Begin the processing.

DOCTOR Listen to me!

COMMITTEE CHORUS We will survive. The new Cyber race will be invincible.

CRASH THEME

PART FOUR

70 (Again). PROCESSING WARD.

DOCTOR No! I will not be the template for your monstrous parodies of humankind!

ALLAN But Doctor, you've saved us all.

DOCTOR No one's saved!

COMMITTEE CHORUS Summon the people. Begin the processing.

DOCTOR Listen to me!

COMMITTEE CHORUS We will survive. The new Cyber race will be invincible.

71. THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM.

DAD and FRANK.

FRANK (*Gentle*) Dad? You can't just sit there.

DAD I can't leave Yvonne. She's back home. Put the kettle on, Frankie.

FRANK The police have taken Nyssa away.

DAD Poor little Vonnie. What harm did she ever do to anyone?

And now she looks like a road accident.

FRANK Oh, dad.

DAD That's what you wanted to be, Frank. What you wanted...

(NB: No Scene 72)

73. PROCESSING WARD.

The DOCTOR is being strapped to the gurney, angry and arguing with ALLAN. A machine beeps the DOCTOR's twin heart beats.

ALLAN Don't struggle, Doctor. It won't hurt for long.

Belt clicks as he's strapped down.

DOCTOR I won't let you create a race in my image!

ALLAN It's just a detailed body scan, to optimise your physiology with the human subjects.

DOCTOR Especially *that* race! Cybermen so bloated with mechanical parts, only cold logic stifles their natural urge to scream in agony. How can you do that to your own people?

ALLAN (*Angry*) Because we're dying. That's why we're screaming! We've been trapped down here so long, we daren't even step out on our own planet's surface. Just the thought of the vast, empty sky drives us insane. Only Cybermen can go out there and save us.

DOCTOR Save you? That means nothing to them. You've no idea what you're creating.

ALLAN No Cybermen, no life. Unless you have a better solution?

(Double beat) No?

DOCTOR (*Muttering*) I will not assist you.

A distant thundering boom.

74. COMMITTEE CHAMBER.

The distant boom rumbles on. The iron lung.

COMMITTEE CHORUS Commander Zheng? Turbulence from the nebula is increasing. Why delay in testing the propulsion system?

ZHENG The power capacitors are only at seventy-one per cent storage.

COMMITTEE CHORUS That is sufficient.

ZHENG Power is needed to repair the shields in the damaged roof of the City.

The committee voices divide into a montage of debate.

COMMITTEE VOICES The City must survive.

The course of Mondas must be altered.

The propulsion system takes priority.

A sacrifice must be made.

Bedeep bedEEP of computer analysis.

COMMITTEE CHORUS Disjunction. The Committee does not agree.

ZHENG The roof must be repaired or the people will not survive.

Beat.

COMMITTEE CHORUS There is another solution. All citizens of Mondas must be fully processed. Begin with police and nursing staff. Start the work immediately.

Another distant boom.

78. STREET OUTSIDE THE HARTLEYS' APARTMENT.

The booms rumble about overhead like thunder. Wild moans.

FRANK Come inside, Dad.

DAD Look. The ice flow's spread as far as the old church. We can't stay here.

FRANK What about Nyssa? If we could find her... She has this place where we'd all be safe.

DAD It'll be the same for her as little Vonnie. No doubts, lad. This is the end.

The bing bong of the committee echoes out across the city.

POLICE VOICE (Tannoy) All Citizens, attention. A state of emergency is being declared. Shelter will be provided in the Committee Palace. Shelter will be provided... (and on)

DAD (Through Tannoy) Shelter? Who are they trying to kid? Shelter!

POLICE VOICE... Report to the Committee Palace immediately. Report to the Committee Palace immediately.⁹⁴

Fade out.

76. PROCESSING WARD.

The boom rumbles on continuously. The DOCTOR and ALLAN.

ALLAN That turbulence is getting stronger.

DOCTOR Of course it is. Forget Cyberprocessing. Just get the planet's propulsion system working.

NYSSA (Short way off) Doctor!

DOCTOR Nyssa.

ALLAN Who's this?

CYBERMAN Another intruder detained by the police. She will be interrogated by Commander Zheng.

NYSSA Why are you strapped down? What are they doing?

DOCTOR Doctorman Allan, this is my friend, Nyssa. We can both help you.

NYSSA Help *them*??

DOCTOR (*Firm*) Yes, Nyssa. With your unrivalled experience of bio-engineering. Stem Cell Tissue Culture to grow spare parts.

ALLAN Is that true?

CYBERMAN She is required by Cybercommander Zheng.

ALLAN No! I'll deal with her. Go back to your duties. (*Beat*) Well, go on. I've storerooms full of old bones that need grinding up for nutrient.

CYBERMAN Yes, Doctorman Allan.

NYSSA pulls free.

NYSSA Doctor, why are you wired to this machine? They're not Cyberprocessing you!

DOCTOR Not yet. What's happening outside?

NYSSA The City's freezing over.

ALLAN What?

NYSSA There's a breach in the roof and the frozen atmosphere's spilling in. It'll soon be uninhabitable.

DOCTOR Except for Cybermen.

NYSSA The processing destroys personalities. It killed poor Yvonne Hartley. I was there.

ALLAN It's only for selected workers on the surface.

A door bangs open.

ZHENG (*Entering*) Doctorman Allan. The Committee orders full processing of the population to begin immediately.

DOCTOR You see?

ALLAN We don't have facilities for that many.

ZHENG The vaults below the Palace have been adapted. My squad are programmed for surgical duties.

ALLAN (*Shocked*) When did that happen? They never told me. (*Bolshy*) Well, tell them the new Cybertemplate isn't scanned yet!

ZHENG The subject is here. Start immediately.

NYSSA Doctor? What template...?

DOCTOR Quiet, Nyssa.

ZHENG Who is this?

DOCTOR Leave her, Zheng.

ZHENG This is the intruder I was to interrogate.

ALLAN Apparently she understands our work. And since you deprived me of Sisterman Constant, I need her skills.

A loud boom. Things fall off shelves.

ZHENG Doctorman Allan, you are relieved of your duties. I shall start the scan myself.

ALLAN That's my job!

The machine starts to power up.

NYSSA Doctor!

DOCTOR (*Sliding away*) It's just a scanner. Don't worry, Nyssa.

Whirring of machines drowns him out.

NYSSA Bring him back!
ALLAN How dare you, Zheng! All this is my work. I created you!
ZHENG And I am superior to you. Be proud, while you still have the capacity.

77. INSIDE THE SCANNER/DOCTOR'S HEAD.

The harsh twang of sensors probing the DOCTOR'S mind - like Prospero's Isle, full of strange sounds. He cries in pain.

COMMITTEE CHORUS Who are you?

DOCTOR I'm not your saviour, that's for certain. Get out of my head!

COMMITTEE CHORUS You have resources that we need.

DOCTOR How did it start? Just a few hip replacements and breast implants. Vanity's a killer, isn't it? And where will it end? Sleek heartless scavengers, cobbled up from spacejunk and other people's bodies. But you'll look ever so stylish.

The probes twang. The DOCTOR cries out again.

COMMITTEE SUBCHORUS 1 The speed of natural development is insufficient.

COMMITTEE SUBCHORUS 2 We have taken charge of our own evolution.

DOCTOR Excellent! Abolish doctors. Someone call a mechanic!

VARIOUS CYBER VOICES Who is he

He is a threat
Why is he here?
Is he the solution?
Who sent him?

DOCTOR You've no unity. And logic alone can never change Mondas's course. The nebula -will destroy you. You're finished.

COMMITTEE CHORUS You entered our world. You have the means to evacuate our people. Assist us.

Silence.

DOCTOR I will not be part of your future.⁹⁵

The sounds of the saws.

DOCTOR What's this? What are you doing? (*Struggles*)

COMMITTEE CHORUS You cannot resist. You will be like us.

DOCTOR I will never be like you!

The DOCTOR'S struggling and saw noises fade as we move seamlessly back to the Committee Chamber...

78. COMMITTEE CHAMBER.

SOLO COMMITTEE VOICES He is a threat.

He is incorrect.

He will be processed into the Cyber-race.

Logic is clean.

Logic is truth and strength.

The bedEEP bedEEP of data analysis.

COMMITTEE SUBCHORUS 1 To change and plan we need unity.

COMMITTEE SUBCHORUS S Disjunction must be rejected. Disjunction means extinction.

Bedeep bedEEP bedEEP.

COMMITTEE CHORUS Agreed. Extinction is futile. Logic must be embraced.

SOLO COMMITTEE VOICES (*From all around*) Agreed. Agreed. Agreed. Agreed etc...

Each 'Agreed' slides from its place into the centre as the Committee evolves into one single entity.

COMMITTEE CHORUS Conjunction is strength. We are the future. We are the future. We are the future... (*Etc.*)

As it chants on, the chorus voice segues into the familiar twanging voice Of the CYBERPLANNER.

COMMITTEE CHORUS We are the future. We are the future. Bedeep bedeep.

CYBERPLANNER We are in conjunction. The Cyber-race is secure.

79. PROCESSING WARD.

NYSSA, ALLAN and ZHENG. The scanner buzzes and throbs.

NYSSA How much longer?

ZHENG The scan is almost complete.

NYSSA And then we can get the Doctor out of there. Can't we Doctor Allan?

ALLAN is pouring herself a drink. She swigs it.

ALLAN Oh, don't ask me. I'm 'relieved of my duties'.

Door bangs. A Cybermessenger enters bearing news.

CYBERMAN Commander. The civilians are waiting at the open gates.

ZHENG I will come. Doctorman, oversee the scanning process.

ALLAN Need me now, don't you!

ZHENG and CYBERMAN go with a bang of the door.⁹⁶

NYSSA Doctor Allan?

ALLAN What did he mean *attack*?

NYSSA If you won't help the Doctor, then I will!

80. SQUARE OUTSIDE THE PALACE GATES.

Wind moans. The roof rumbles. The crowd are mumbling. DAD and FRANK wait among them.

FRANK How much longer, dad? It's so cold.

DAD Long as it takes, lad. We stand out here until they learn.

We don't come to their whistle like programmed Cybermats.

CITIZEN 1 Let's have a blaze! Chop the big tree down. *General hoorahs and laughter.*

CITIZEN 2 It's bloody plastic.

The crowd boos. Then a sudden muttering runs through the crowd.

FRANK What's that noise, Dad?

Cyberhorse hoof steps, lots of them.

DAD Frank, get back...

The crowd gets panicky... Pull back on crowd and into Scene 81.

81. INSIDE THE PALACE.

Distant crowds milling angrily.

ZHENG

Even the unprocessed crowd has a certain logic. If they

refuse the open gate, we use their emotional responses against them and drive them in. Order all squads to be ready for intake of recruits.
CYBERMAN Yes, Commander.

88. PROCESSING WARD.

The scanner clunks and runs down.

NYSSA Has the scanner finished?

ALLAN *(Drinking - slightly the worse for wear but not ridiculously so)* Oh, long ago. Not my problem.

NYSSA Help me get the Doctor out.

ALLAN It's automatic.

Machine clunk. The gurney slides outwards.

NYSSA *(Shocked)* He's gone. What's happened to him?

ALLAN *(Laughing)* Oh, bless him. Let's open another bottle and toast his most excellent health.

NYSSA *(Horror)* You tricked him. He's been processed!

An electronic door opens. A CYBERMAN enters. NYSSA gasps.

CYBERMAN My programming is complete.

ALLAN Incredible.

NYSSA Doctor?

ALLAN I was right. The movement's much more fluid. They normally need days to readjust.

CYBERMAN I await orders.

ALLAN Just wait then.

NYSSA *(Very tentative)* Doctor? Is that you?

ALLAN *starts to laugh again.*

NYSSA Stop it! It's horrible!

We hear a slight buzz like a fax machine.

CYBERMAN I am summoned.

ALLAN Wait. I need to run tests.

CYBERMAN Stand aside.

NYSSA *gasps as she is pushed aside. The door clatters.*

NYSSA *(Quietly)* Doctor.

83. SQUARE OUTSIDE PALACE GATES - INSIDE THE TRAM.

The crowds are milling angrily. The roof rumbles overhead. The march of Cybertroops as they emerge. Horses neigh.

DAD What the...!

FRANK Cybermen. That's what Nyssa called them. It's a trap!

DAD They're forcing us inside the Palace grounds...

CYBERMEN *(Amid the melee)* Do not resist. Form into groups for processing.

Whips are cracking. Someone screams in pain.

DAD No parade of walking wounded tells me what to do! No one... ahhhh

DAD *yells as a whip hits him. Horses neigh. It's a rout.*

84. COMMITTEE CHAMBER.

The Committee now speaks with the single CYBERPLANNER voice. ZHENG enters.

CYBERPLANNER Commander Zheng. Give your report.
ZHENG The crowd are resisting our troops.
CYBERPLANNER More power must go to the processing sections.
Resistance must be crushed.
ZHENG The propulsion system is ready for testing. Power must
be redirected from processing.
CYBERPLANNER (*Up a tone*) The security of the Cyberplanner overrides
all tasks. Obey your orders.

88. DOCTOR ALLAN'S OFFICE.

NYSSA and ALLAN.

NYSSA There must be a way to stop the Committee.
ALLAN Who cares? We might as well join the queue for processing
now.⁹⁷
NYSSA The Doctor would care. And now it's up to me.
ALLAN Let's have a drink. Anything to encourage oblivion.
She starts pouring a drink.
NYSSA Please, listen to me!
The glass smashes.
ALLAN You stupid little...
NYSSA He's gone. The Doctor's dead! Adric's dead! So many
people killed because of your Cybermen.⁹⁸
ALLAN The Doctor was a gift. I knew I was right. I should thank
him. He was our last resort.
The door slides open.
DOCTOR Oh dear. You make me sound like Southend-on-Sea.
NYSSA Doctor!
DOCTOR Just about. Yes.
NYSSA (*Hugging him*) Oh, Doctor.
DOCTOR I could hear you right up the corridor.
NYSSA I thought they'd taken you. *She* said...
ALLAN I said nothing of the sort.
NYSSA But you'd gone.
DOCTOR I just slipped away.⁹⁹
NYSSA And then a Cyberman appeared.
DOCTOR And you thought it was me? Oh, Nyssa...
ALLAN That was the first recruit copied from the new template.
You knew him, Doctor. One Thomas Dodd.
DOCTOR Where is he now?
ALLAN Oh, it's a 'he' when it's someone *you* know. (*Beat*) 'He'
and the Template are automatically deployed on the processing lines.
DOCTOR Then get them back!
ALLAN Impossible. (*Getting angry*) I thought I was creating life.
Saving the people. And my Cybermen are so amazing, powerful, intricate.
But I destroyed their souls.¹⁰⁰
DOCTOR And every Cyberman I've ever met, ever will meet, is
based on me.¹⁰¹
ALLAN I created an army of animated corpses. And the
Committee'll process every last human rather than waste power on the
propulsion system.
DOCTOR Then you agree it must be stopped.

ALLAN Stopped? They can't be stopped. I made them invincible!
DOCTOR What about your medical supplies? There are vats out there that supply the Committee's nutrient. If we add something to weaken its resolve...
ALLAN The Cybermen hold all the medical stores.
DOCTOR Well, there must be something.
NYSSA Doctor, the wine.
DOCTOR Nyssa? Nyssa, you are incomparable! Wine from the old regime, I assume? How much is left?
ALLAN They're *my* bottles... *My* cellar....
DOCTOR A few bottles or the whole planet? It's not a choice, is it Doctor?

86. PALACE COURTYARD.

The battle continues. Shouts and screams. A horse neighs ferociously. Stamping of hooves. Just let rip.

FRANK Dad!
DAD (In *pain*) My arm.
FRANK Up here. Come on! Further in...
DAD No. Not that way!¹⁰²
CYBERMAN Move away. Move away.
Whip crack. FRANK yells in pain. There is a thunderous roar overhead. The battle stops with a few terrified gasps from the people. Rushes of hissing ice shoot across the cavern roof.
DAD The roof!
FRANK It's the ice. It's coming in!
DAD Everybody! Inside! Run!
Tremendous roar as part of the roof implodes.

87. THE NUTRIENT VATS.

Distant windows smashing in. The roar of ice continues outside. The DOCTOR, NYSSA and ALLAN push a trolley with clinking bottles.

ALLAN The City roof's breaking up!
DOCTOR Then keep your head down. Right Nyssa, I'll open the wine bottles. You empty them into the vats.
Slow churning of the nutrient vats.
NYSSA What is that stuff in there?
DOCTOR Nutrient for the Committee. Rich in calcium.
ALLAN You can't stop them like that!
DOCTOR But a Mickey Finn might slow them up a bit.
ALLAN Give me that bottle! I should never have let you near all this!¹⁰³ (*Beat*) Give it to me!
She struggles with NYSSA.
NYSSA No!
ALLAN gets pushed to the ground.
NYSSA You are pathetic. The Doctor's trying to save you, and your world. Either help or leave us alone!
ALLAN I can't be part of this. (*Scrambling away*) I'll make them listen!¹⁰⁴
DOCTOR Thank you, Nyssa.

The DOCTOR pulls a cork.

NYSSA She could cause trouble.

She starts to pour the wine into a deep vat. The DOCTOR pulls another cork.

DOCTOR We are threatening her children. Mmm, blackberry and aniseed.

NYSSA We can't just destroy a whole race.

DOCTOR A race reborn partly in *my* image. I feel it's my right to try and redirect its evolution. Keep pouring.

Pulls another cork. NYSSA starts pouring another bottle.

NYSSA Doctor, if Cybermen are the only way these people can survive...

DOCTOR Is it the *only* way?

NYSSA I thought we couldn't change history.

DOCTOR This place. All decay and despair. It feels like an end. Yet you and I know what's coming afterwards. So it's not an ending. Just an alternative.

NYSSA So we can't change history.

DOCTOR Who says? I think history's old enough to take care of
Itself, don't you? Just keep pouring.
She pours.

88. COMMUNICATOR CONSOLE.

ZHENG speaks to the propulsion base on the surface. The link is drowning in static.

CYBERMAN *(On line)* Commander Zheng. The surface bombardment is increasing. We cannot sustain here. The propulsion system must be reactivated.

ZHENG Hold your position.

CYBERMAN We need the power now.

ZHENG Hold your position. I will obtain the order.

The link goes off. We can now hear the constant rumble overhead.

ALLAN *(Urgent)* Commander!

ZHENG Stand aside, Doctorman Allan.

ALLAN It's the Doctor... He's trying to poison...

ZHENG Which is more important? The Committee? Or the planet?

ALLAN What? Well, that's obvious. Only the Committee have the power to save us. *(Seat)* My Committee.

ZHENG You are wrong. Stand aside.

ALLAN No, wait! *(Following him)* The Committee must be warned. Just listen...

A door creaks open as DAD and FRANK emerge from hiding.

FRANK *(Relief)* Thought they'd got us then, Dad.

DAD Horrible place. Horrible plastic suits on racks. Forcing my little Vonnie into one of them.

FRANK That woman was on the telly.

DAD And the big robo too. They were heading for the Committee.

FRANK But she said *the Doctor*.

DAD What? Nyssa's friend?

FRANK She came the other way. Maybe Nyssa's there too.

89. THE NUTRIENT VATS.

The churning vats. NYSSA empties her last bottle.

DOCTOR Good. That's enough wine to stew a herd of *boeuf bourgignon*.

NYSSA So we wait? *(Goes to window)* Look out there.

We hear the wind and rumble of the bombardment above.

NYSSA *(Frightened)* Half the city's gone.

DOCTOR Buried under the glacier. We must change Mondas's course. It might ride out one tsunami, but not an endless blitz of them.

NYSSA *(Seeing the CYBERMAN)* Doctor...

CYBERMAN *(Behind them)* All civilians are required for processing.

DOCTOR But we're not civilians. Take us to the Committee. I want a word...

CYBERMAN *(Moving in)* You are required for processing.
The DOCTOR cries out as he is grabbed.

NYSSA Let go of him!

But NYSSA gets grabbed too. Gasp! They resist loudly.

CYBERMAN Do not resist. You are required.

A loud clunk as the CYBERMAN gets clobbered from behind. It groans and staggers.

DAD Frank! Tackle his legs! Get him into the vat!

FRANK *(Struggling)* Can't hold him!

DOCTOR I've got him!

DAD Right. And lift. Okay, jug ears. Over the top you go!

The CYBERMAN cyberyells as it hurtles inevitably into the churning vat.

The churning grates and chews gratifyingly.

FRANK Nyssa! Are you hurt?

NYSSA No. Frank, this is the Doctor.

DOCTOR Hello again, Frank. And Mr Hartley?¹⁰⁵ Nyssa told me about your daughter. I'm truly sorry.

DAD We're putting a stop to all this.

DOCTOR Absolutely.

DAD So what are we waiting for? Football results?

DOCTOR It's the Committee we're after. *(Moving away)* Along here.¹⁰⁶

FRANK Nyssa, hang on.

NYSSA We should keep up, you know.

FRANK I reckon I was right out of order with you.¹⁰⁷

NYSSA Frank, I do understand. Yvonne isn't the only good friend I've lost to the Cybermen. Now come on.

FRANK No, wait. Look out there.

Bring up the wind again.

NYSSA The city. I know.

FRANK No, down. In the courtyard.

From down below, we hear the marching of Cybertroops. A distant Cyber sergeant-major yells orders to halt and continues to put the platoon through its paces.

NYSSA Cybertroops. So many. It's a whole army.

FRANK They're processing everyone. Us too, soon.

NYSSA We must warn the Doctor. Come on... *(Cut short)*

Menacing chord.

CYBERMAN (*Very close*) You will come with me. Everybody within the Palace is now required for processing.
FRANK (*Struggling*) No...
NYSSA (*Struggling*) Doctor!

90. GENERATOR ROOM.

The DOCTOR and DAD. Hum of the generators.

DAD I've never seen the like of these generators, Doctor. You could boil a million kettles all at once.
DOCTOR It could propel a whole planet. Unfortunately the power's being diverted for other purposes.
DAD Any ideas?
DOCTOR Several. But we'd have to get past that guard first.
ALLAN (*Distant, in the Committee Chamber*) Why don't you listen? Deactivate your feed lines!
DAD Someone's having a bit of a barney.
DOCTOR Fighting a losing battle, I'd say.

91. COMMITTEE CHAMBER.

ALLAN, ZHENG and the CYBERPLANNER arguing.

ALLAN The nutrient's poisoned. I told you!
CYBERPLANNER No pollutants have been detected. Doctorman Allan, you are no longer required. Report, Zheng.
ZHENG The surface crew need orders...
ALLAN I will not be dismissed!
ZHENG Mondas must avoid the nebula. The surface crew must activate the propulsion system now.
ALLAN You agreed that processing was restricted to specialised workers!
CYBERPLANNER Processing is extended to the full population. We must survive.
ZHENG The propulsion system must take precedence.
ALLAN And the city roof! Or we'll be frozen alive in hours!
CYBERPLANNER Guards, remove Doctorman Allan.
ALLAN What about children? Where will they come from? No women. No men. You can't neuter the whole population! (*Cyberguards grab her*) Get off me! (*Being manhandled out*) Zheng, you can stop this!¹⁰⁸
CYBERPLANNER All power will be directed to processing. That is the future. Our future.

92. GENERATOR ROOM.

The DOCTOR and DAD whispering as ALLAN is dragged away.

ALLAN (*Distant*) There is no future! Only a city of walking dead!
DOCTOR The way of all flesh. Where's Nyssa got to?
DAD That power going through bo the Committee...
DOCTOR Which we have to stop.
DAD You know what it's like? Alter the energy pulse and it could be the biggest cheeser ever.
DOCTOR Cheeser...? Ah, as in rat trap.

DAD Mat trap, Doctor. There's not a greedy little Cybermat for miles that could resist.

DOCTOR Down! Guard coming this way. I'll distract him. You do your worst.¹⁰⁹ *(Moving out)* Hello. I've come to complain about a leaky roof.

CYBERMAN Intruder.

DOCTOR That's right.
Swoosh of a Cyberchop.

DOCTOR *(Dodging round)* I have vital information...
Swoosh. A chair clatters across the floor.

DOCTOR ...about a threat to the Committee!
Thunk of metal.

DOCTOR But I won't tell you!
Smashing wood.

DOCTOR You're far too clever for that...
The CYBERMAN grabs him. He cries out in pain.

CYBERMAN The Cyberplanner is waiting.

DOCTOR *(Forced away)* And hardly gullible at all...

93. PROCESSING QUEUE.

The sky is rumbling loudly. ALLAN is frogmarched in. NYSSA and FRANK are waiting in the queue. Behind we hear Cybertroops being drilled and marching off.

ALLAN Don't push me, you augmented thug.

CYBERMAN Get in line for processing.

ALLAN So much for a dignified exit.

NYSSA Doctor Allan?

ALLAN You. *(Laughs)* No escape for any of us, is there?

FRANK It's her. From the telly.

ALLAN What do you want? An autograph? God, it's cold down here. Where's the Doctor? Off on another of his schemes, like the wine?

NYSSA The Doctor's trying to save you.

ALLAN Oh, do be quiet.

FRANK You started this. You started all the processing. If it wasn't for you, my sister...!
He yells as a CYBERMAN grabs him.

CYBERMAN Stay in line for processing.

FRANK *(Falling back in pain)* My shoulder. Ow!

ALLAN Don't worry. Processing irons out all disability and personality.

FRANK Shove it!

ALLAN So here's to oblivion and the future. It's all the same from now on. *(Shouting)* Come on! Why's this queue moving so slowly?!

94. GENERATOR ROOM.

DAD works on the generator. He blows his nails.

DAD *(Shivering)* Blooming chilblains. Now then...
The energy pulse starts to rise.

DAD *(Concentrating hard)* That's it. Just edge up a bit more.
From the Committee Chamber comes the DOCTOR's agonised cry.

SAD Hang oil, Doctor. Let's give the mats a treat. Full setting number nine.
The power pulses higher.

95. COMMITTEE CHAMBER.¹¹⁰

DOCTOR interrogated by the CYBERPLANNER. The power pulse is rising.

DOCTOR I won't tell you!

CYBERPLANNER He has served his purpose. Dispose of... Dispo...
Dispose of him.

DOCTOR Faculties slipping a bit, are they? *(Increasing pain)*

Zheng, use the propulsion system now or the whole planet dies. Humans, Cybermen, everything!

CYBERPLANNER We are human. We survive as Cyberhumans.

DOCTOR I like humans a lot. But I don't like you.

A tremendous boom and explosion outside.

ZHENG The Doctor's logic is correct. Processing later. The propulsion system must be used now.

CYBERPLANNER Stand away from the power junctions.
It fires off a shot at ZHENG, who cries and falls back.

DOCTOR Zheng!

ZHENG *(Weakened)* We must... survive. Cybermen are superior.

CYBERPLANNER We will survive.

DOCTOR Fat chance! You were doomed the moment Mondas went out of its orbit.

CYBERPLANNER *(Speech starts slurring)* When Mondas's orbit lost stability, our scientists discovered an opposing twin world hidden until then behind our sun.

DOCTOR That's the wine talking. Meanwhile your world's going under!

Another boom. Debris starts to fall from the ceiling.

96. PROCESSING LINE.

*Fierce rumbles etc. Hum of the processor. NYSSA is being man-handled onto the conveyor.*¹¹¹

FRANK Leave her alone! Take me first!¹¹²

NYSSA No, Frank!

CYBERMAN Lie still on the conveyor.
Electric clamps hum into position.

ALLAN Don't resist, Nyssa. It's a merciful release. We'll all go together.

Loud boom. Suddenly we hear Cybermats squeaking.

NYSSA What's that?

The squeaking grows.

FRANK Cybermats.

ALLAN Little vermin.

CYBERMAN Alert. Alert...

NYSSA So many. Where are they going?

ALLAN Stop dithering! Get on with the job.

The squeaking has become a flood.

CYBERMAN Alert. Defend the Cyberplanner.

97. COMMITTEE CHAMBER.

DOCTOR, ZHENG, the CYBERPLANNER.

DOCTOR Go on. What happened then?¹¹³

CYBERPLANNER *(Very slurred)* A moon had erupted... from the twin planet's surface... unbalanced equilibrium. Mondas left its orbit. Research shows that the twin thrives... while we face... we face... destruction.¹¹⁴ We hear the first of the Cybermats. The door bangs open.

DAD *(Bursting in)* Doctor! The Cybermats are coming!

CYBERPLANNER Processing for all. All humans together. A tide of Cybermats is sweeping across the chamber.

DOCTOR You're under attack. Turn off your power!

CYBERPLANNER Assistance. Logic walls under assault. Assistance is required.

It screams. Electricity sparks and crackles.

DOCTOR Commander Zheng! Divert the power now!

In a montage, we hear the Cybermats, the marching of troops, explosions, crackles, and at the heart of the maelstrom:

COMMITTEE *(Power running down)* Where is... the future?

DOCTOR You're destroying it! Now's your chance, Zheng!¹¹⁵

ZHENG Surface Crew. Activate propulsion system on my command.

CYBERMAN *(On radio)* Ready. Terrific explosion.

DOCTOR Zheng! Do it now!

ZHENG Activate.

A very deep boom. Fittings rattle in the tremor. Windows shatter. A wind rises engulfing everything. Debris comes down. All this fades. Only the wind is left.

98. STREET BESIDE THE TARDIS.¹¹⁶

The wind still moans gently.

DOCTOR It's gone. Back to the dust it fed on.

The wind gradually dies. The TARDIS door clatters open.

NYSSA Doctor? Don't sit out here in the cold.

DOCTOR Why not? It helps me think.

NYSSA I've worked out those projections.

DOCTOR Let's see.

He takes a piece of paper from her.

NYSSA You were right. Mondas is now moving on a reverse trajectory. Away from the Cherrybowl Nebula.

DOCTOR It's on its return journey. Back home from the edge of space.

NYSSA Hardly that far.

DOCTOR Star charts are relative, you know, like Time. *(Sighs)* Too many dead. And it didn't help Adric, did it?

NYSSA But did it help you?

DOCTOR Or you, Nyssa?

NYSSA Maybe. It depends how much has changed.

DOCTOR The Cybermen would have happened sooner or later. The nebula was just a good excuse.

NYSSA At least we got rid of the Committee. And Zheng too. Even if the other Cybermen are still here.

DOCTOR Maybe they'll turn out as instruments for good after all. If they and the humans can learn to live together. And they are doing a good job on the City roof. No human could do that.

NYSSA It's already warming up.

CYBERMAN Doctor?

DOCTOR Yes. Is that you, Thomas Dodd? You really should wear a label, you know. *(To NYSSA)* Tragic waste. The old unprocessed Thomas, who I couldn't trust, was infinitely preferable.

CYBERMAN My programming does not encompass deceit, Doctor. You are requested to supervise the reconstruction work.

DOCTOR No, no, Thomas. That's very kind. But we must be going.

DAD *(Coming up)* Going? You can't go, Doctor. We need you. There's plans to lay and burst pipes to mend.

DOCTOR Sounds like pure drudgery. I'm sure you can cope.

NYSSA The Doctor prefers to deal with the grand scheme rather than the day to day details.

FRANK Told you, Dad. Take no notice, Doctor. He'll do it brilliantly himself.

DOCTOR I'm sure.

DAD Now I've no vermin to catch.

DOCTOR Where's Doctor Allan?

DAD Working. She reckons she can reverse at least some of the processing. Make them a bit less... well...

DOCTOR A bit more human?

DAD Less horrible, I'd say.

DOCTOR At least she's closing down the processing lines.
Distant church bells start to ring.

CYBERMAN The bells at the Church of Former-Day Souls.

DOCTOR A bit cheerier this time, Thomas? For the future. *(Darkly)* *Whatever it brings.*

NYSSA Frank. I thought you'd like this.

FRANK What is it?

NYSSA A box of tealeaves. I found it in the TARDIS.

FRANK *(A bit nonplussed)* Oh. Thanks. Look, dad...

DAD Tea? Oh, that's grand, Nyssa. Get the kettle on quick, lad! Time for a brew-up!

DOCTOR *(Firm)* Time to go, I think.

NYSSA What?

DOCTOR Goodbye, everyone. Come along, Nyssa.

NYSSA But Doctor... Goodbye.

EVERYONE Goodbye, Doctor.

DOCTOR *(Going inside)* That tea was a gift from the Emperor Ieyasu of Nippon. I'd been saving it up.
The TARDIS door closes. And with a wheezing, groaning sound...

99. ALLAN'S OFFICE.

Doctor ALLAN works at a keyboard.

ALLAN You're very quiet, Sisterman Constant. You haven't even looked at my notes on process reduction.¹⁷

CYBERMAN Logically the proposition would be to increase processing... Doctorman.

ALLAN Oh, no. We're not going through all that again. The Doctor was right. We've got a different future now. A future he's given us. (Beat) What's the matter? Constant, why are you looking at me like that? *The DOOR slides open. A note of growing menace as something drags itself into the room.*

ALLAN (Terrified) Commander Zheng. You were destroyed...

ZHENG Doctor Allan. We begin again.¹⁸

NOTES

N.B. Uncredited roles include: Citizen 1 (played by Marc Platt), Cybermen Voices, Radio Announcer, Citizen 2 and Nurse (Nicholas Briggs), The Minister and TV Commentator (Alistair Lock), Crewman Philpott and Nurse (Gary Russell).

PART ONE

1. Line changed to: 'Strengthened by the finest technology the science factories can muster, you carry our future in your hands - our light into the endless **darkness.**' *Marc Platt (writer): 'I paraphrased Richard Nixon's words to the Apollo 11 astronauts from the recording in the BBC Sound Archives where I used to work. What Armstrong, Aldrin and Collins didn't know at the time was that Nixon also had another speech ready (not in Sound Archives) just in case the first moon landing was a disaster.'*
2. Line changed to: 'We're right **here** in the heart of London.' *Marc Platt: 'Since the Hartleys are obviously from "Up North", I thought the Doctor might pretend that the city was Leeds or Manchester, but he's much more familiar with the London area. Apart from the Daleks venturing as far as Bedfordshire, and the Zygon clan north of the border, most aliens rarely invaded north of Watford. Silurians, as Derbyshire's oldest residents, don't count as invaders.'*
3. Line changed to: 'No. **No**, not for certain.'
4. Line changed to: '**You** got the net?'
5. Line changed to: '**It's** no good.'
6. Line changed to: 'Well, you won't catch a tram **and** go "exploring" from **round** here at this time at this time of night. **There's** no more trams until the morning.'
7. Line changed to: 'We've **got** a lot of *doctors* round here already.'
8. Line changed to: '**You** got any family?' *Marc Platt: 'Dodd's fishing to see if anyone will try to trace the Doctor if he suddenly disappears. But the Doctor's response about carelessly losing his family might be another distant reference to my Doctor Who novel Lungbarrow. Or it could be to his other family, the companions, none of whom stay for long. The line's echoed by Nyssa's family memories later on. It also bolsters up the importance of the Hartley family and how all families will soon be a thing of the past on Mondas.'*
9. Line changed to: 'You're certainly not **the** Police.'
10. Line changed to: 'How-e about a glass or three?'
11. Line changed to: '**Of** course it is. Where **have** you been?'
12. line changed to: 'I was standing **up** before you knocked me down... thank you, officer.'
13. Line changed to: 'Eric Krailford says **that...**' *Marc Platt: 'Eric Krailford is apparently some forebear of the Cyberman Krail in The Tenth Planet.'*
14. Line changed to: 'She **were** crying 'cos Eric's gone and...'

15. Line changed to: '(Superior) Logic and **cybernetics**.'
16. The whistle comes before, 'Come on, Trillerby.'
17. WOMAN'S line does not begin until after DAD's 'Turn on the telly.' The line then runs under the other dialogue until the script specifies that it fades.
18. Dialogue that can be heard from the television: '...Committee. At this time, our holiday. We send our thanks to the-'
19. Line changed to: 'Must be **the** Police.'
20. Line changed to: 'Something's going on under **the** cover of darkness.'
21. Line changed to: 'Aye, well, maybe **it has** seen better days.'
22. Added dialogue - PRANK: 'Awww.'
23. 'Yeah,' added at the beginning of the line.
24. Line changed to: 'And the people would sing at the gates. I ~~used to love that~~. **And then we' d have the battle. People and consuls pelting each other with fruit. That was the best bit - it was so undignified.**' Marc Platt: 'WARNING - Saccharine alert! The last part of this speech got added very late on. Traken was such a lovely place, full of nice people being kind and considerate, I realised that the occasional bit of disrespect, at the right time and place naturally, would make the place a lot more real.'
25. Line changed to: 'The mats that **get** away and **go** wild.'
26. Line changed to: 'Why? What else could they possibly **be**...'
27. Deleted dialogue - DAD: '~~What's that?~~'
28. The door slams after DAD has said, 'Frank!'
29. Line changed to: '**It's** disgusting, that's what it is.'
30. The conversation fades down during POLICEMAN'S next line.
31. Line changed to: 'Stand aside, *sir*! Whatever happened to civil rights! Here, leave that alone, you! ~~In the old days, you had to have a special warrant from the police station. Nowadays the blooming Central Committee just tramples on everything.~~ Mind that vase!' Scene 18 then begins. Gary Russell (director): 'I don't think the reference to "bloomin' Central Committee" would have worked. It sounds more like a line from a Carry On movie. Which is ironic as Marc's original pitch for this was jokingly (I hope) entitled Carry On Up The Cyber!'
32. Line changed to: '**Matty**?'
33. Line changed to: 'There's **lots** of people.'

PART TWO

34. 'Oh,' added at the beginning of the line.
35. Line changed to: 'I could mend **the console** for you.' Gary Russell: 'I asked Sarah Sutton to change this to make it clear that it's the console she wants to repair, not *Matty*.'
36. 'Well,' added at the beginning of the line.
37. Line changed to: 'What can possibly be more important than saving ~~the~~ people?'
38. Line changed to: '~~I'll be back soon,~~ Nyssa. (*Spotting the creature*) **Oh**, hello? And what are you doing out here?'
39. Line changed to: 'I'm ~~the~~... **I'm**, I'm the Doctor.'
40. Line changed to: '**I'd** half-hoped for a riot.'
41. Line changed to: '(Wary) **Yeah**, I'm Frank Hartley.'
42. Line changed to: '**Here**. Have a glass of wine.'
43. Line changed to: 'No **one** is exempt. Go on, forget your vows, ~~and~~ have a drink.'
44. Line changed to: 'No, no, **no, no**. Your cargo. Look.'
45. Line changed to: 'Travelling south up **Second** Street.'
46. Line changed to: '(*Embarrassed*) ~~Well... yeah.~~ I just don't know what he'll do, see.'

47. Line changed to: 'It's typical, that is.'
48. Line changed to: 'Oh, you'll get **your** uniform all right.'
49. Line changed to: 'Move on. Keep going. Bless you all. **Bless you. Bless you all. Keep in line.**' *Marc Platt: 'Sister Constant's blessings are so hideously well-meant and misguided. She imagines she's sending her recruits to a better life and is brim full of love. The reliance on geothermal power from the centre of Mondas predicts the statement in The Tenth Planet that the planet's energy is exhausted.'*
50. Line changed to: 'Rather rapidly, once they heard about a beetroot truck spilling its load a couple of **streets** away.' *Marc Platt: 'I felt a bit embarrassed here. Peter reminded us that blocks were American and we should be using streets. Considering the efforts I'd made to ensure the city was British, I'm not sure how that slipped through the net.'*
Gary Russell: 'How'd it get through? Bad script-editing, frankly. Shoot the script editor! Oh wait... that's me...'
51. Line changed to: '**You** come out of there'
52. Line changed to: '**They're** all vacuum packed for freshness. The real perishables are in the cold store. A full range of bodily organs, limbs - all sizes **and** colours and creeds.' Also, the scene switches to and from a Cybermat's perspective during this line. *Marc Platt: 'Details come from the oddest places. When I worked for Trust House Forte in the Seventies, the meat for the restaurant was delivered in big plastic vacuum-packed sachets and kept in a walk-in cold store. Which is probably another reason I'm vegetarian these days. If you look in the supermarkets in Chinatown near Leicester Square, there are far weirder things in plastic bags in the frozen food section. Dodd would be happy for hours.'*
53. Line changed to: 'People, I **mean** even people with terminal injuries and blood running across the floor, all they want is titanium and plastic.' The scene leaves the Cybermat's point of view during this line.
54. Line changed to: 'Some have **got** so much it drives them crazy.'
55. Line changed to: '**Yeah, well,** that's what Dad does.'
56. Line changed to: '(Petrified whisper - no screams) **Please.** No. Please, no. (She fades off to side) Please. Help. Help me. **Please.**'
57. Line changed to: '**He...** he put up quite a struggle.'
58. Line changed to: 'Gone out the back like a **bleeding greyhound.**' *Marc Platt: 'Yes, definitely an improvement by Derren Nesbitt. I'd thought whippets (far too Northern social-stereotyped anyway) would be a thing of the past, but Dodd undoubtedly spends an occasional evening down at the city's less than lugubrious dog track.'*
59. Line changed to: 'Hang on! **Hang on,** where's your warrant?'
60. Line changed to: 'Oh, no, **no, no** you don't.'
61. Line changed to: 'I brought ~~you~~ some provisions.'
62. Line changed to: '(Under family) ...**we can show you these outfits, designed to protect courageous workers against the extreme freezing conditions on the surface in the propulsion factories.** Surgeon-General Doctorman Christine Allan, who designed the suits, is seen here being congratulated by Surface Commander Zheng at a **special reception from the Central Advisory Committee brought back Man's greatest endeavour. Months of research have gone into the creation of these space age marv-**'

PART THREE

63. Line changed to: 'Yeah, **yeah,** well, I know it had a famous wine cellar.'
64. Line changed to: '**So, we're** safer in here, then.'
65. Line changed to: '(Disbelief) What is **that?**'
66. Line changed to: '(Stuttering) I... I do... **do** not know.'

67. Line changed to: **They're** all implants. **There's** nothing human left!
68. Line changed to: **It** stank of antiseptic.'
69. Line changed to: **You** couldn't even tell.'
70. Line changed to: 'How deep ~~below the frozen surface~~ are we?'
71. Line changed to: 'They were tunnelling for the **frozen** surface.'
72. Line changed to: 'Beautiful, **i**nt it?'
73. Line changed to: 'It's getting worse. ~~You'll not even get across the street to the phone booth in this.~~' Marc Platt: 'I'd got it in my head that the Hartleys were too poor to have a phone and then tied myself in knots later on, because the Doctor had to contact Nyssa, which meant getting someone to summon her out of the flat, across the snowy road to the local phone box, where, in mid-conversation, she could have a nasty encounter with a Cyberhorse. Gary, bless him, simplified it all (and speeded it up) by installing a phone in the Hartley flat. Why didn't I think of that? It's that sort of vision that makes him a producer.'
74. Line changed to: '(Beat) I'm going to **go and** try and get the generators restarted.'
75. Line changed to: 'I'll see you later, Doctor.'
76. Line changed to: **The** city... **is** in danger...'
77. Line changed to: 'I said, **get away from him**. Let him go!'
78. Line changed to: 'And it'll rip this planet apart if you **get** too close.' Marc Platt: 'I'm not quite sure where the Cherrybowl Nebula came from. I think I wanted a deceptively reassuring name like the real Horse's Head Nebula. It's probably a clue as to how the Nebula looks. This generator room is straight out of Quatermass with big chunky machines and big clunky dials.'
79. Line changed to: 'No! **No**, I will not go.'
80. Line changed to: 'Twenty of our greatest minds joined as one to **propose** clear solutions to our problems.'
81. Line changed to: '**Dozens** of them!' Gary Russell: 'I changed this because hundreds is a bit silly. Hundreds of Cybermats would actually take up a road the length of Pall Mall! Dozens is more realistic if less colloquial. Besides, I didn't want Gareth Jenkins to have a breakdown creating hundreds of the wretched things.'
82. Line changed to: 'Without ~~the~~ cybermen, we cannot survive.'
83. line changed to: '**It** sounds distressed to me.'
84. This line was moved to within the next line:
DOCTOR Right.
ALLAN Thank you.
DOCTOR Once this is closed you can throw the power switch.
85. Line changed to: '**No**. No, don't cry, love.' Marc Platt: 'A lot's been written about this scene - probably the most important moment in the story. Its recording was one of those pin-drop moments of silence. Something very special. We hardly dared breath because Paul Copley was giving such an extraordinary performance. Even odder because Kathryn Guck had finished her scenes and gone home hours before. Nick Briggs was now playing Cybervonnie and his little, almost inarticulate sounds just tear at the heart strings.' Gary Russell: 'It's working on scenes like this, with actors like jim Hartley, Paul and Nick that makes everything we do worthwhile. I knew that Marc had written a great moment. I didn't realise how gut-wrenchingly sad it would be until the actors put it together.'
86. Line changed to: 'He's hardly **burnt**.'
87. Line changed to: 'Constant... (~~Rage~~) ~~Won't we over learn? Gold logic is not substitute for... Oh, what's the point!~~' Gary Russell: 'I cut this bit because it seemed a tad too expositional and not the sort of thing Allan would say at that moment. I think Sally Knyvette was pleased when I made that decision - it's a line that works in prose, less well when spoken.'
88. Line changed to: 'Frozen **and** streaming with mist.'
89. Line changed to: 'Well... I couldn't get out for guards.'
90. Line changed to: 'You know they've got production lines that'll churn

out these things by the tram load.'

91. Line changed to: '**Oh, yeah**, those scroungers.'

92. Line changed to: 'I'll **haul** it over.'

93. Line changed to: '**I'm...** I'm going to need some new stock now...'

Part Four

94. Line changed to: '...Report to the Committee Palace immediately. Report to the Committee Palace immediately.'

95. Line changed to: 'I will not be **a** part of your future.' *Marc Platt: 'I wanted to give Peter a real chance to let rip and by golly, he certainly did that. Anger makes the Fifth Doctor extremely sarcastic. But his jibes only direct the Committee to re-invent itself into something even more powerful. Once again all the Committee voices, both solo and in chorus, are Nick Briggs. The next scene is entirely Nick and appears to involve at least nine different voices or voice combinations. In fact, the poor bloke seemed to spend most of the two recording days talking to himself.'*

96. The last three lines of this scene were deleted. *Gary Russell: 'Again, we cut these in post-production as on playing it back, the scene had a much stronger end with Allan's self-aggrandisement and the slam of the door.'*

97. Line changed to: 'We might as well join the queue for **the** processing now.'

98. Line changed to: 'He's gone. The Doctor's dead! **Worse than dead. And Adric's dead too!** So many people killed because of your Cybermen. **So Where's the Committee? I have to stop this once and for all.'**

99. Deleted dialogue - DOCTOR: '~~I just slipped away.~~'

100. Line changed to: 'Impossible. (*Getting angry*) I thought I was creating **new** life. Saving the people. **I never wanted an award.** And my Cybermen are so amazing, powerful, intricate. But I destroyed their souls.' *Marc Platt: 'I added the "never wanted an award" line to emphasise that Allan was working out of desperation and a selfless, if misguided, belief that she was doing the right thing.'*

101. Line changed to: 'And every Cyberman I've ever met, **will ever** meet, is based on me.' *Marc Platt: 'This revelatory line really doesn't need anything else. It's chilling as it stands, but if you know your Doctor Who, then it's absolutely terrifying.'*

102. Line changed to: 'No. **No**, not that way!'

103. Line changed to: 'I should **have never** let you near all this!'

104. Line changed to: 'I can't be part of this. (*Scrambling away*) **They'll listen to me.** I'll make them **stop!**'

105. Added dialogue - DAD: '**Aye, that's right.**'

106. Added dialogue - DAD: '**Right.**' *Marc Platt: 'Dad's remark about waiting for the football results is there because in the good old days that's what you had to sit through on a Saturday afternoon, and they seemed interminable, before Grandstand finished and one particular good programme came on...'*

107. Line changed to: '**Look**, I reckon I was right out of order with you.'

108. Line changed to: 'Zheng, **can't you** stop this?'

109. Added dialogue - DAD: '**Right.**'

110. Scene 95 was substantially changed:

DOCTOR Stop the processing now. You're destroying yourselves.
CYBERPLANNER He has served his purpose. Dispose of... Dispo... Dispose of him.

DOCTOR Your faculties are slipping. (*Increasing pain*) Zheng, use the propulsion system now or the whole planet dies. Humans, Cybermen, everything!

CYBERPLANNER We are human. We survive as Cyberhumans.

DOCTOR I like humans a lot. But I don't like you.
A tremendous boom and explosion outside.

CYBERPLANNER We are still human.

DOCTOR You abandoned that right long ago. You've gone the whole hog, and you'll never be human again.

ZHENG The Doctor's logic is correct. Processing later. The propulsion system must be used now.

CYBERPLANNER Stand away from the power junctions.

ZHENG The propulsion system must be used now.

It fires off a shot at ZHENG, who cries and fails back.

DOCTOR Zheng!

ZHENG (Weakened) We must... survive. ~~Cybermen are superior.~~

CYBERPLANNER We will survive.

DOCTOR Fat chance! You were doomed the moment Mondas went out of its orbit.

CYBERPLANNER (*Speech starts slurring*) **Mondas.** When Mondas's orbit lost stability, our sciencemen discovered an opposing twin world hidden until then behind our sun.

DOCTOR That's the wine talking. Meanwhile your world's going under! Another boom. Debris starts to fall from the ceiling.

Marc Platt: 'The changes here heighten the moral conflict between the Doctor and the Cyberplanner. But the Doctor's really playing for time to let the wine get through the system. I love the Planner's insistence that Cybermen are still human, because everyone else sees it exactly the opposite way round.'

111. Added dialogue - CYBERMAN: '**Move!**'

112. Line changed to: 'Leave **Nyssa** alone! Take me first!'

113. Line changed to: 'Go on. What happened to **Mondas** then?'

114. Line changed to: '(Very slurred) A moon had erupted... from the twin planet's surface... **unbalancing the** equilibrium. Mondas left its orbit. Research shows that the twin thrives... while we face... we face... **annihilation.**' *Marc Platt: 'By now the Cyberplanner is in its cups, staring morosely into its wine glass and swaying about a bit. I wanted to start its speech about the moon with a very slurred "And another thing", but Gary wouldn't let me!'*

115. Line changed to: 'You're destroying it! **Zheng**, now's your chance, **Zheng!**'

116. Scene 98 was substantially changed. The first 14 lines of dialogue remained as scripted, then:

DOCTOR Maybe they'll turn out as instruments for good after all. If they and the humans can learn to live together.

NYSSA They certainly have a good pedigree.

DOCTOR Is that meant to be flattering?

NYSSA It is

DOCTOR Well, perhaps there is something to be said for breeding. And they are doing a good job on the City roof. No human could do that.

NYSSA It's already warming up.

CYBERMAN Doctor?

DOCTOR Yes. Is that you, Thomas Dodd? You really should wear a label, you know. (*To NYSSA*) Tragic waste. The old unprocessed Thomas, **the one** I couldn't trust, was infinitely preferable.

CYBERMAN My programming does not encompass deceit, Doctor. You are requested to supervise the reconstruction work.

DOCTOR No, no, Thomas. That's very kind. But we must be going.

DAD (*Coming up*) Going? **Going?** You can't go, Doctor. We need you. There's plans to lay and burst pipes to mend.

DOCTOR Sounds like pure drudgery. I'm sure you can cope.

NYSSA The Doctor prefers to deal with the grand scheme rather than the day to day details.

FRANK Told you, Dad. Take no notice, Doctor. He'll do it brilliantly himself.

DOCTOR I'm sure.

DAS ~~Now I've no vermin to catch.~~ **It's all for Yvonne, you know.**

DOCTOR **I know. And that's the best possible reason.** Where's Doctor Allan?

DAD Working. She reckons **that with your notes** she can reverse at least some of the processing. Make them a bit less... well...

DOCTOR A bit more human?

DAD Less horrible, I'd say.

DOCTOR **That's a decision for all of you.** At least she's closing down the processing lines.

Distant church bells start to ring.

CYBERMAN The bells at the Church of Former-Day Souls.

DOCTOR A bit cheerier this time, Thomas? **Ringing** for the future.

(Darkly) Whatever **that** brings.

NYSSA Frank. I thought you'd like this.

FRANK What is it?

NYSSA A box of tealeaves. I found it in the TARDIS.

DOCTOR **Ah, Nyssa...**

FRANK *(A bit nonplussed)* Oh. Thanks. Look, dad...

DAD **What's that? Tea! Oh, I thought the Doctor was going to give us the bill.**

DOCTOR **Now, there's a thought.**

NYSSA **Doctor, be nice.**

DOCTOR **Nice?**

DAD **No, no,** that's grand, Nyssa. **Thank you. Both of you.**

FRANK **Come on, Dad, time for a brew-up!**

DOCTOR *(Firm)* Time to go, I think.

NYSSA What?

DOCTOR Goodbye, everyone. Come along, Nyssa.

NYSSA But Doctor... Goodbye, **everyone.**

EVERYONE Goodbye, Doctor.

DOCTOR *(Going inside)* That tea was a gift from the Emperor Ieyasu of Nippon. I'd been saving it up.

The TARDIS door closes. And with a wheezing, groaning sound...

Marc Platt: 'In most stories, this would be the finale with everyone being inordinately cheery, but the Doctor appropriately grumpy - hardly surprising considering the implications of recent events. I didn't really see any easy quick-fix way out of Mondas's future. It was much more real if the humans and Cybermen had to co-exist, which also made scenes with the processed versions of Dodd and Constant very creepy. A friend suggested that Dad should have gone with the Doctor as a companion - an idea I like enormously and a fascinating switch of traditional age categories.'

117. Line changed to: 'You haven't even looked at **the Doctor's notes on stem cells and processing reversal.**' *Marc Platt: 'Hopefully the Doctor has added a few notes of guidance on some of the moral concerns of stem cell research on embryos. If Doctorman Allan's past medical record is slightly dubious, the only answer seems to be: who else is there to do the work? Unfortunately, just at that moment, another solution walks in through the door.'*

118. Line changed to: '**Doctorman** Allan. We begin again.'

CARRY ON UP THE CYBER or COLLISION COURSE or NIGHT CITY

By Marc Platt

PART ONE

As the first human for hundreds of years prepares to step out onto the world's surface, he receives a special message from the Minister of Science. At the dawn of a new age, the hopes and prayers of the people are with him. Their future is in his hands. The finest technology the world can provide blah, blah, blah. Our hero steps out onto the icy surface, but it is all too much for him. He starts to whimper, then to scream...

A newsreel extols the heroic achievement of the courageous workers who have succeeded in putting a man out on the surface. All rise for the Anthem of the Workers. Hurrah! Mine's a beetroot juice.

It's getting cold in the City, and late too. The last tram has already gone and it'll soon be lights-out. Dad and Yvonne Hartley are after a rat (at least that's what we assume). They have an attractor (a cheeser) which is irresistible, but the critter, with its electronic squeal, fights back and the building collapses, injuring Dad. Assistance appears in the form of Nyssa. She helps carry Dad home to the family apartment.

Sister Constant, a Government Nurse, is visiting the apartment on her rounds. Both she and Frank, Yvonne's younger brother, are suspicious of Nyssa, but Dad has already decided that the stranger is a refugee from one of the beleaguered provincial Cities. He insists that his injury is no more than a sprained wrist. Despite pressure from Constant, he neither needs nor can afford a new arm. But after the nurse has departed frostily, it's clear that he isn't well. But he can't afford to lose work, not in the run-up to the holiday. Nyssa knows a good Doctor, but the others won't let her leave. It isn't safe on the streets after dark, not with the old Grinderman about. Someone starts to bang on the front door, screaming for help. No one dares reply. 'Silly, silly person,' says Dad and turns the telly up. Outside there is the clatter of hooves passing and the electronic snort of some horselike cybersteed.

In a public phone box (an old-fashioned PUSH BUTTON A type), Sister Constant dials her superiors and reports Nyssa's presence in the City. There could be more unregistered intruders about.

On the streets, the deeply dubious Mr Ferris is dragging a heavy sack. He is surprised by the Doctor, who is searching for the overdue Nyssa. Ferris wonders if the Doctor's title implies he is a Government practitioner, or does he work in a 'private' capacity? 'Private as in the contents of your sack?' guesses the Doctor. Ferris wonders if the Doctor is interested in procuring supplies, or indeed is offering supplies of his own. He quizzes the Doctor over his medical history: any serious illnesses or injuries? All his own organs? Teeth? Eyes? Limbs? The Doctor denies that he is working for 'Allan' (who?). He asks Ferris about the City. Is all of it underground? Why are large sections of the City being cleared? There's a lot of

energy being used. The Doctor can hear it humming under the ground. And do people live up on the surface too? He learns that this is the only City and its dwindling population is down to a meagre few thousand. Only specialised work crews go up to the surface. Ferris warns the Doctor off any dealings with the Government. Or anyone else here for that matter. The Doctor guesses that Ferris sees him as a threat to business. What sort of medical supplies does he deal with? Human organs? Ferris panics as a police patrol approaches on horseback. The Doctor is alarmed at the appearance of such armoured, mounted creatures.

The family share their rations with Nyssa. Dad teases her gently, but she doesn't really understand his jokes. While Yvonne plays the piano, Nyssa tries to help Frank with his logic homework, but he's very stand-offish. Helping with the decorations, she finds a machine creature in the sideboard. It was one of Yvonne's pets, but it died because she got bored with it and forgot to feed it. It's a silver worm creature, like a trilobite. Everyone used to have them, but many escaped and went feral. They congregate around cabling ducts under the pavements. It's Dad's job to catch them. (He's a matcatcher.) Nyssa reckons she could mend Yvonne's ex-pet.

The Doctor runs into a policeman on horseback. The officer's voice is oddly distorted. He thinks the Doctor might be a dealer, out on the streets illegally after lights-out. The Doctor turns to Ferris for support, but the weasly little man has vanished. The policeman laughingly wonders if the Doctor has met the Grinderman. The Doctor is relieved to hear the policeman still has a sense of humour. But faced with a trip to the cells for interrogation, he makes first his apologies and then a dash for it.

Frank tells Dad that he's going to join up. Plenty of locals are being called up to join the work crews. But Frank's too young. They'd never see him again. Frank fervently supports the Government. And the family needs the money. There's hardly a thing left from what they got when they sold Mum...

Nyssa is trying to fix Yvonne's pet when there's another knock at the front door. It's the Government police. They start to turn over the apartment, but Frank tells them where to look for Nyssa. Yvonne has already helped her out the back window.

The Doctor reaches the TARDIS to find Nyssa banging on the door. Inside, they watch their pursuers going past. Nyssa admits that the Doctor's suspicions were right. This planet is not Earth. He agrees. It's uncharted and has no business to be in this sector of space. Worse, he knows what place it really is. This is Earth's long-lost twin world: Mondas, and it's the original planet of the Cybermen.

PART TWO

The Doctor vacillates. Should he stay and try to stop the evolution of the Cybermen? Or should they leave now? He (briefly) recounts the history of the wandering planet and its emotionless inhabitants. 'All cold logic that smothers and puts out the spark in people. I'm not even sure they are people any more. They're just so many tinned leftovers. I think I'd rather lose all my other lives than be a Cyberman.' But there are no sealed orders from the Time Lords. Nothing to keep the Doctor here. Or should he go out and wipe the slate of history clean? So many considerations. 'That didn't seem to worry you when it came to sacrificing Adric,' remarks Nyssa sourly.

In contrast to the run-down Fifties appearance of the City, the Government Central offices are futuristically hi-tech. Even so, Dr Christine Allan, the Surgeon-General, is struggling to save her patients. The work crews are failing. They can only survive for a certain time in the factories, then they die. And it's happening faster. Whoops, there goes another. Nurse, the screens! Allan's staff are already working flat out, but the Central Committee keep demanding more. Sister Constant reminds her about the intruders down in the City. Allan already has ideas about this, and wants to deal with them herself before the Central Committee find out. An alarm sounds. She has been summoned.

Nyssa is searching urgently for Yvonne's Cybermat. The Doctor, oblivious, announces his decision that history must stay unaltered. They must leave before his presence is discovered. He has a past with the Cybermen (even if they don't exist yet), and he does not want that past to start just yet. He tries to dematerialise, but there is an explosion in the console. Inside, he finds the dead Cybermat. It had been gnawing at a power conduit. Nyssa confesses that she has brought Yvonne's pet with her. She was trying to mend it, but it disappeared. The Doctor recognises that the Cybermat is still primitive. He warns Nyssa that Cyberising processes don't just stop at humans. Even so, things are advancing faster than he thought. And now the TARDIS is damaged and they cannot leave.

Dr Allan faces the Central Committee. It speaks as a chorus of male voices, like talking to a crowd which answers with one voice. (Note: must try to avoid the 'Yes, yes, give us Brian' syndrome.) Power resources are low. Soon life in the City will be unsustainable. She must work faster. The aeons in the wilderness are not yet over. Allan argues that the people are too weak already. Their bodies cannot sustain so much transplanted material. She demands that the processing be stopped until a solution to the increasing death rate is found. After a silence, the Committee answers that the processing rate must be increased. The City will be closed down. It uses too many resources. Allan is appalled. How can they do this? 'So that we may survive,' comes the reply. 'The people are already dying,' insists Allan. 'It's our job to save them. Aren't our measures enough?' 'Sacrifices must be made,' answers the Committee. 'We must survive.' 'Why?' demands Allan. 'What's happened? What can possibly be more important than saving the people?'

Greatly annoyed, the Doctor walks out of the TARDIS. He needs to go and visit the local bogeyman. In the gutter outside, he sees another Cybermat. It's different from Nyssa's one and seems to be watching him. But it doesn't attack. (We hear that it is analysing him.) Frank appears, asking urgently to speak to Nyssa. The Doctor's still angry, but sends Frank inside the TARDIS to talk to his friend anyway, before hurrying off to catch a tram.

Weighed down by work pressure, Dr Allan is deeply shocked at the Committee's revelations. She's not sure she can carry on. She has no answers and now no time either. Sister Constant reminds her of the intruders in the City. They view images of the Doctor relayed by the Cybermat. Allan is intrigued by the stranger. She's surprised they haven't been brought in yet. But as long as they don't arrive in pieces. A new assignment of recruits arrives. Among them is Yvonne (Process Conversion No: 172H/41872D), one of Constant's own selections. Surely she's too young; but she's stronger than most, so who's arguing? Even sedated, Yvonne is alarmed. Where are the work crews? She's told to get in line with the others (on the

conveyor belt) for the general medical. Allan tells Sister Constant to take over supervision of the processing. She has business down in the City.

Frank is overawed by the TARDIS. It's said that the Government offices are like this. He is distraught, apologising to Nyssa for shopping her to the authorities. The police turned the house over. And today, two Government letters arrived: an order repossessing the house for clearance and call-up papers for Yvonne. Rumours says they are clearing to build parade grounds and barracks. Dad is upset, but Yvonne has already gone to join up. Nyssa hopes that Frank now understands why his Dad is so distressed. She recalls that her own father went away. Sometimes she's not sure why her own people are so forgiving. But Frank can't understand why Yvonne should have all the luck.

Dad Hartley visits Mr Ferris's backstreet surgery, which also does a sideline of popular pies and pasties. He offers his own body as security for a loan. Ferris is uninterested. He only wants quality material. The Doctor arrives at the long queue outside the surgery. He announces that someone's spilled a whole cart full of beetroot just two blocks away. The entire queue runs for the free food. The Doctor saunters straight into the surgery. Ferris asks him for a second opinion on Dad. The Doctor is more concerned with finding out what happens up at the Government offices. They're more like a fortress. No one knows what goes on behind its huge doors.

While talking to Frank, Nyssa tries to mend the power conduit. It emerges that Frank thought that maybe they could get the Doctor to come and look at Dad. They realise that outside, Cybermats are starting to emerge from under the pavements. They start to swarm all over the TARDIS's outer shell.

The Doctor looks at Ferris's stock of frozen spare parts. Most are well past their sell-by date. So Ferris is the Grinderman. Mothers frighten their children with tales of his scissors and scalpels. Ferris says it's a living. 'Trouble is there's no demand any more. People, even people with terminal injuries and their blood running across the floor... all they want is steel and plastic. Durable, you see. They think it'll last. I think it's just plain ugly. Immortality? Well, we all want that, don't we? But with a chrome finish? I blame the telly myself.' But he does want fresh supplies. And when something like the Doctor comes along, all robust and rosy-cheeked - well, that's too good to waste. He locks the Doctor in the fridge.

Nyssa defeats the Cybermat swarm by transferring power to the TARDIS's hull. Frank reckons they were only after the power. They hurry off to find Dad.

The Doctor's starting to freeze. He finds that the Cybermat has also followed him into the fridge. It's still watching, sluggish with the cold, but he manages to catch and disable it. He's sure whoever sent it must know where he is, if only they would hurry.

The police arrive at Ferris's surgery. He tries to bargain a sale of the Doctor, but they rip off the fridge door anyway. Allan appears and takes charge. Intrigued by the Doctor's healthy appearance, she wants to interview him herself. Despite his protestations, it's clear to her that he knows more of the nature and predicament of Mondas than he lets on. The Doctor tries to make a dash for it, but he gets trapped in an alley by one of the Cyberhorses rearing fearsomely above him.

Frank and Nyssa arrive home. Dad has barricaded himself in. He's refusing to move for the bulldozers. He's putting up the decorations, determinedly blocking reality and won't listen to Frank. But he does mention the strange Doctor he saw at

Ferris's shop. The police were closing in too. TV reports show the new protective gear designed for courageous workers against extreme conditions on the surface and in the propulsion factories. 'Blimey,' says Dad. 'That's a bit extreme, ain't it? Poor old Vonnie.' Nyssa is appalled. The TV's showing pictures of Cybermen. The electricity supply falters and goes down.

The Central Committee starts to have a collective seizure. They are screaming for Allan. Sister Constant sends Allan's medical staff in to help. The Committee must have assistance. It must survive.

The Doctor and Ferris hear the screams as they are carried through the doors of the Government offices. The doors slam shut behind them.

PART THREE

The Government buildings are in darkened chaos. Confusion, gun shots, people in panic. Allan leaves the police to escort the Doctor and Ferris, but they run into a Cyberman. It's disorientated, demanding to know about the propulsion programme. It must complete the programme! It angrily attacks the policeman. The Doctor and Ferris escape. From the cabling dragging behind the Cyberman, the Doctor deduces that its processing was incomplete when the power went down. He and Ferris head up into the building.

The Doctor finds Allan being attacked by another Cyberman. He tries to grate a gold doubloon into its chest unit. It doesn't work. In a frenzy, Allan picks up the Cyberman and throws it out of a window. She has superhuman strength.

Frank pesters Nyssa over how she knows about the Cybermen. She admits that the Cybermen caused the death of a friend. Frank assumes she means as one of the work crews - dying for the glorious cause. Dad, in a world of his own, worries that he can't get the dinner on. Nyssa starts to tell them about Mondas's real history, but Frank and Dad know all that already. They know there's not much time left. The population's down to only a few thousand. It's a hard life and sometimes you have to turn a blind eye. The boffins may have the people's best interests at heart, but sometimes the people can teach them a thing or two. It's all for the greater good. Nyssa is desperate to find and warn the Doctor, but the police are keeping people off the streets. Without power, the City starts to freeze. Across the streets comes the sound of screaming.

The screams are from the Committee. Its one voice is fragmenting into many. The power must be restored or it will die. Allan and the Doctor find Constant. With a group of staff, she is defending the entrance to the Committee Chamber from a group of semi-processed Cybermen. The power supply cut off in the middle of the mass processing operation and 30 subjects are out of control. Their programmes tell them that they want to work on the Propulsion Unit, but they lack the full complement of data. Disoriented by pain and anger, they attack the humans. A work crew has been summoned from the surface to assist, but is delayed because the lifts are out of action. The Committee must be saved.

The Doctor marches into the forbidden Committee chamber. The Committee consists of banks of processed Cyberhumans all linked in one mind. It's clear that the Committee's own excessive use of power has caused the failure. The Doctor refuses to help restore it unless the Cyberprocessing is halted.

Outside the chamber, the work crew finally arrives led by Cyberleader Zheng. Zheng takes direct action and starts to destroy the rebel Cybermen. Constant tries to stop him, but is killed in the melee.

Allan tells the Doctor that the Cybermen are imperative to Mondas's survival. She shows him huge engines beneath the City designed as the planet's self-propulsion system. Only processed Cybermen can operate them or go out onto the wide open surface of Mondas. The Doctor pleads that logic may be clean and precise, but they are sacrificing imagination, creativity, pleasure and pain from art, food, music, nature, love, bad jokes and all those fuzzy, illogical annoyances that make up life and individuality. Allan despairs. Mondas is about to drift into an active nebula field known as the Cherrybowl, where the furnace of natural forces will rip the planet apart within a few months. They will all die unless the Cybermen live. Defeated, the Doctor finally agrees to try restoring the power.

Nyssa, Frank and Dad are succumbing to the cold. They share a last supper of food that Nyssa brought from the TARDIS. Outside they hear a stampede of Cybermats that sweeps along the street. Behind the Cybermats comes one of the rogue Cybermen. It starts to smash its way into the apartment.

The Doctor works to restore the power, but a final circuit will not close. Zheng deliberately turns on the current. The Doctor's own body completes the circuit. He collapses, badly burned.

In the apartment, Nyssa tries to fight off the Cyberman. As the power comes on, it calms and stands fascinated by the lights of the Christmas tree. Dad is horrified. Strangely dressed and shaped as the creature is, he recognises his daughter, Yvonne.

The power has restored the Committee. Zheng's team has overcome the rogues. Allan is astonished to find that the Doctor is still alive. How could anyone withstand such a blast? She takes him for examination.

Dad Hartley tries to talk to his daughter, but Cyberyvonne is confused and in shock. She stares into the Christmas tree as Dad plays records? musical box? the piano? At last, Frank realises what will be lost if they all become Cybermen.

The Doctor is half-conscious, undergoing his examination. Ferris has sneaked in to mock, eager for his pound of flesh. The Doctor asks him to find Nyssa, but Ferris won't risk going out into the City. But he does offer to try ringing the Hartleys... for a price.

Allan studies the results of her examination of the Doctor. She is astounded. At last she sees a way to save them all. She goes to tell the Committee.

Nyssa, distressed by the father-daughter reunion, slips away to answer the phone that's ringing in the street. It's the Doctor. He asks her to fetch some things from the TARDIS for him. Nyssa sees the mounted police arriving. But the Doctor is listing things he needs - stopping her from getting back to the Hartleys. Then the line goes dead. An animal snort. There's a Cyberhorse looking through the box at her. It neighs and whinnies an alarm. After a struggle, Nyssa is captured.

Zheng takes charge and orders the Doctor and Ferris to be taken for final processing. 'His heart,' yells Ferris. 'He promised me one of his hearts!'

Once again, Allan faces the Committee. She tells them about the Doctor. This stranger has a secondary lower brain which deals with all bodily and motor functions, thus freeing the upper brain to deal with intellectual work. A secondary brain introduced into the Cyberman would free the primary brain from dealing

with the organ rejection that has so plagued them. She can use the Doctor as a template for the whole new race of Cybermen.

PART FOUR

Nyssa arrives at the Government offices. Horrified, she thinks that the Doctor is already being processed. She tries to make them stop, even offering her own services if they release him. Allan assures her that his brain is only being scanned. Nothing more. But it's too late to save Ferris. We hear the hissing of laser scalpels.

The Committee instructs Cyberleader Zheng that final preparations must begin for the tests of Mondas's propulsion system. It announces that the Doctor will be required to serve as part of the Committee.

Weakened by the on-going process, the Doctor tells Nyssa to help Allan to use the scans of his physiology to help improve the Cybermen. Nyssa refuses. As Zheng returns, the Doctor coldly orders her to continue working. There is no alternative. The race must survive. Resistance is useless. A new announcement rings out from the Committee. All citizens are summoned to the safety of the Government offices. Allan is suddenly afraid. It's the final solution. She tells Nyssa that the template copy of the Doctor's brain must be completed. Zheng announces that the Doctor is required by the Committee. Allan must work faster in preparing the template programme for the new race. Nyssa reminds Zheng that the new Cyberpeople will be superior to him. 'More efficient. More powerful. All weakness will be eliminated,' he observes.

As Tannoys continue to summon the populace to the Government offices, Dad and Frank Hartley pack their most precious belongings and leave home for the last time. Dad worries that they've locked up properly. The ground under the pavements is starting to throb with power.

Zheng receives affirmation from the surface work crews that the trial run for the propulsion drive is now ready. An alarm warns that Mondas is starting to enter the nebular field. But why are the production lines still waiting empty?

Outside the Government offices, a brass band plays Salvation Army-style hymns. The tannoy continues to summon the people. Frank and Dad are watching in a degree of excitement. Hardly anyone has turned up. There is a sudden boom from above.

The first bombardment of debris from the nebula has started. The Committee is calling for more power. It orders Cybermen onto the streets to round up the people. Allan and Nyssa watch from the windows as the City starts to go into darkness. Cybertroops start to march out of the Office gates, down into the City.

Dad and Frank try to elude the Cybertroops, but the City is freezing up and the bombardment overhead has started to break open the roof. Frank has a plan to get past the Cyberguards into the Office buildings.

Zheng leads a figure towards the Committee chamber - a Cyberman still awkward after processing. It recognises Nyssa and stops. It has the warped voice of the Doctor. Nyssa's world falls apart. Allan lied to her. The Doctor has been processed. He is led away to the Committee and placed in his own cubicle. His voice becomes at one with the others as the Committee prepares its own ascendancy.

Dad and Frank have hijacked a tram and use it to smash through the gates. They venture into the futuristic Office buildings.

The Committee's chorus-voice of contributing minds is transmuting into one twanging electronic voice. It becomes the familiar CyberController/Coordinator. Allan apologises for her failed work. She feels her emotional responses cloud her judgements. But the Committee considers her too valuable to lose. She has devoted her life to the cause of saving Mondas. She accepts that to continue in service, she must now go for processing. Nyssa tries to stop Allan, but the surgeon is adamant that her only future now is in a total assumption of the Cyber way. 'In that case, your world is doomed whichever path you take,' observes Nyssa. She attempts to kill the CyberDoctor, but Zheng catches her and drags her away for processing too.

The bombardment is affecting the Offices. Frank and Dad watch citizens going for processing. Some seem even grateful. Dad sets up his cheeser device on full power to attract every Cybermat in the City. They see Allan mounting the processing line of her own will. But they rescue Nyssa. She, however, is determined to go back and put the Doctor out of his misery. 'That's remarkably kind of you, Nyssa, but rumours of my processing have been greatly exaggerated.' The Doctor steps out of the shadows. The Cyberman that Nyssa saw was Ferris the Grinderman, processed with the template of the Doctor's own mind - a little ruse that he suggested to Allan.

Alarms sound. The Cybermats are starting to invade the Offices. The Committee recalls the Cybertroops.

All power must be diverted for its own safety.

The power fails. The processing stops. The Doctor tries to disconnect Allan, but she resists. The Cyberprocessing must continue or they will all die. Something has diverted the power. They follow the stream of Cybermats to the Committee Chamber.

The Committee is in chaos. The CyberDoctor is arguing with the Controller. The Committee is using all the power to keep itself alive. But Cybermats are smothering the equipment and fouling the power lines. All systems are failing. The building is falling apart. The Doctor urges the Controller to use the last of the power to activate the great propulsion engines. The Controller refuses. Logic says that it is its only hope of survival. The Doctor insists that the only hope of survival is the people. The CyberDoctor fights through a barrage of fire to activate the engines.

The engines burn fleetingly into life. Mondas changes course.

All power drops to a glimmer. The Committee goes dormant. The remaining Cybermen look to Allan for instruction. She arranges for the refugee citizens to be moved to temporary safe areas below the City. The Doctor recommends that Allan reworks the templating on all existing Cybermen. She must decide what failsafes to introduce. He doesn't offer much hope, but it's a chance. The engines have thrown Mondas's course into reverse. And now it's going back to where it first came from. Allan asks the Doctor why he thought that gold could defeat the Cybermen. He just says. 'Well, why not? There's no harm in building in a little planned obsolescence. Everyone should have an Achilles heel, don't you think? It's really up to you.' He confesses to Nyssa that he's no longer sure if this is still what happened. Or maybe they've created something new. They leave in the TARDIS.

And in her laboratory, Allan is suddenly confronted by Zheng. He has the plans. They will begin again...